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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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1. HIS WELCOME AT LAWRENCE, MASS. 2. SCENE IN THE RAILROAD DEPOT, PORTLAND, MAINE.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN HONOR OF PRESIDENT HARRISON DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

W. J. ARKELL.

RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 24, 1889.

THE phenomenal weather this summer has attracted general attention and given fresh interest to the question of the influence of the sun, and especially of sun-spots, upon meteorological conditions. Mr. Henry C. Maine, one of the editors of the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*, who has made sun-spots a study for many years, has written an interesting contribution for FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY of next week on the subject, "Does the Sun Influence the Weather?" Mr. Maine's contribution furnishes strong testimony in favor of his belief that there is a close relation between the periodicity of sun-spots and the visitations of storms.

THE NEW CHURCH MOVEMENT.

A CONVENTION has recently adjourned in Philadelphia, which, according to the press of that city, was one of the most—if not the most—remarkable gatherings ever held in this country. Remarkable, because its delegates numbered more than 6,500, and had come from all parts of the world; because its sessions were held at a time of year when to travel and to transact business called for discomfort and trial; and remarkable, because it was a gathering of Christians, young men and young women, many of whom had sacrificed their vacations that they might contribute to the influence of their presence to the society whose cause and interests they loved.

This is a time when pessimists are asserting that things religious are losing their power over human hearts. There could be no better answer to this than the Eighth International Convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. A man may be judged by the friends he has made. So, likewise, a society; and among the many friends of this may be mentioned clergymen like Drs. Charles F. Deems, Wayland Hoyt, S. J. Nicolls, J. H. Barrows, Arthur T. Pierson, and Bishops Nicholson and Fallow, and laymen like the Hon. John Wanamaker, who is also a member of the Board of Trustees. These names must give it at least a recommendation, and should demand for it an investigation of its principles.

It was born in 1880, in one of the Congregational churches of one of the smaller cities of Maine; it was to meet and satisfy a need. The pastor of the church had just passed through a revival, and found himself with fifty young people ready to begin the Christian life. He realized that to merely lead them into the church might mean very little to them, and that unless they were thoroughly trained they would mean little strength to the church. And the first Christian Endeavor Society was organized to do this work. It was in his church, and for his church, with never a thought that others might hear of it, and feel the need of its help. But it was so sensible and practical, so healthful in its workings, so completely identified with the church, and in no peril whatever of divorce from it, that pastors everywhere are welcoming it as the best means of promoting their churches' prosperity; and this society, wherever it goes, changes what is many a pastor's chief burden and anxiety, the Christian training of the young, into his chiefest joy. The very naturalness of its growth commends it to the people, for, as a rule, the natural is always the Divine.

From so small a beginning this movement, which in the truest sense is "a church movement," has sprung. Year by year its ranks have increased in numbers until its roll-call is heard around the globe. In territory the society has for its field the world. Every State and Territory long since yielded to its sway; and Canada, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, England, Scotland, Spain, Syria, Burmah, India, Ceylon, South Africa, Japan, and China have been added to its provinces. But its progress is not only in numbers and territory, not simply in power and enthusiasm; but progress in all that is good, in training workers for the church, in uplifting the cross of Christ, and in making incarnate the wondrous doctrines He taught.

There is a Christian utilitarianism that should not be lightly treated. One proof of every doctrine of revealed religion is that it is useful, and that it has a good effect on men's lives. The proof of any method of practical Christianity must be the same. This proof has undoubtedly been given the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. Some schemes

of Christian work are suited for a single church; others are susceptible of wider application. The Christian Endeavor idea seems to be fitted for the widest application possible. No church, no denomination, no section of this country, no foreign land has tried the plan without evident benefit.

Its organization is to be admired. At the head of the International Society is the Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., as president. He has the honor of being its founder, and now devotes all his time to the cause, having resigned his pastorate in Boston that he might do so. Aiding him are the general secretary and treasurer; also an efficient board of trustees. The members are ministers or laymen with their own vocations to follow. As trustees, however, they are only directors. Every State has its officers, and the States are subdivided into districts, with secretaries appointed, while every city has its union composed of individual societies, and all this has been accomplished in eight years.

Perhaps the aim of this Endeavor movement may be best given in the pledge, which every member must take, and which has been the life of the society and the strength of its members:

Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do; that I will pray to Him and read the Bible every day, and that, just so far as I know how, throughout my whole life I will endeavor to lead a Christian life. As an active member I promise to be true to all my duties; to be present and to take some part, aside from singing, in every meeting, unless hindered by some reason which I can consistently give to my Lord and Maker, Jesus Christ. If obliged to be absent from the monthly Consecration Meeting, I will, if possible, send an excuse for absence to the society.

President Clark said, in his annual address in 1888, at Chicago: "The society was established for certain definite, specific purposes. These purposes were, and are, of a purely religious and spiritual nature. It can never be too strongly impressed upon our hearts that if our society fails of its highest mission it is an utter and total failure. However successful it may be as a literary or social organization, yet, if it lose its grasp on spiritual things, it were good for it that it had never been born. The world is not pining for more social clubs, or for more literary centres. Our society has no mission along these lines except to make them subservient to higher and better things. The world is dying for a lack of a knowledge of Christ, and for a lack of heroic enthusiasm in proclaiming Him; and this is the aim of the Society of Christian Endeavor." He said again, in 1889, at Philadelphia:

The general lines we must follow in the year to come are: The exaltation of duty, the exaltation of loyalty, and the exaltation of fellowship among young Christians. The Christian Endeavor Society has sounded out to half a million young Christians the bugle-note "duty." Go to the meeting, whether you feel like it or not, because it is a duty. Confess your Lord, whether you are in the mood or not, because it is your duty. Sustain your church, whether the weather is moist or dry, or hot or cold, because it is your duty. Give to the cause of God, at home and abroad, because it is a duty. I say it reverently, but I believe that Providence has put the seal of divine approval on this distinguishing characteristic of our society. Another principle for which the society has come to stand, and for which experience has proved that Providence intended it should stand, is the exaltation of loyalty. Loyalty to Christ first, loyalty to Christ's church next, loyalty to both Christ and the church always. It has never, so far as I have heard, uttered an uncertain sound on this subject. It has never failed to exact loyalty to the individual local church with which any society might be connected. It was begun in one church, for that one church; every subsequent society has been started in just the same way and for the very same purpose. Once more, our society stands for the exaltation of Christian fellowship, and providentially it has come to stand for this. There was no thought, in the first place, that it would extend into other denominations. We do not, because of membership in our society, weaken or sever denominational ties. We rather intensify our love for our mothers' faith and our fathers' church. But we also remember that the Church of God embraces us all, and we do not give up either the benefits which come from hearty loyalty to our own denomination, or the benefits which come from the broad fellowship with other denominations. The genius of our society provides for them both, and the motto of the "Ten-times-one" club, as some one has amplified it, is the motto of our society: We will look forward and sometimes backward; outward and occasionally inward, but at the same time always upward, and we will lend both hands.

Such words from the president of the society must commend it to all as being worthy an investigation, if not a trial. Added to this is the testimony of every pastor in whose church it has found a place. While societies differ in locality, differ even in nationality, differ to a degree in methods and means the world over, one motto expresses the object and aim: "For Christ and the Church." It would be difficult indeed to estimate what such a society has accomplished. This is true of all great moral causes. This

much we can say: It has united more than half a million of young people throughout the world, and pledged them to loyalty to Christ and his church. It has trained them so that in prayer-meetings and other places where the occasion demands it they can both speak and pray intelligently. It has led 60,000 young people to Christ during the past year, and, as its members are of two kinds, active and associate, it has led 15,000 from associate to active membership. It has made religion to be something practical. They talk about it, think about it, and, best of all, they live it. It is bringing about the very best kind of union of the different denominations, not by blotting out the good things that exist in all, but by exalting the more important things in which all believe. The trend of the age is toward unity. Nations are coming together, churches are coming together, and the Society of Christian Endeavor proves its right to be for this, if for no other reason, that churches of every denomination in the country have joined hands in training their youth according to its principles.

In innumerable ways it is exerting its influence. The next twenty years must determine what the next generation is to be. Who can tell the part that will be played by the New Church Movement—the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor?

Miller Chapman

THE SIOUX LANDS.

MANY who even now are not of age can recall the horror which followed the massacre of General Custer and his sturdy band of followers by the Sioux. The rapidity with which our material development progresses is revealed, in a remarkable way, by the fact that the scene of this bloody massacre is now about to be opened to settlement, and that thousands are waiting to cross into these Indian lands and make them the abode of peaceful employments.

The Sioux Reservation is in South Dakota, and 11,000,000 of its fertile acres, affording farms for nearly 100,000 families, will probably be opened for settlement when Congress meets next winter. The Government will pay the Indians for this property, and the amount of the payment will be invested for the benefit of the tribes who relinquish ownership. The lands to be thrown open equal in extent the States of New Hampshire and Massachusetts combined. They are watered by three rivers, and the annual mean temperature is only 35° above zero. For nearly ten years efforts have been made to open this tract. Meanwhile the railroads have pushed their way through their boundaries, and following them has come an irresistible demand from the farmers of the great West for an opportunity to enter in and take possession of what has been for all time a wooded and grass-covered wilderness.

When these lands are thrown open to settlement we shall witness, probably, a repetition of the Oklahoma boom, intensified, if anything, by the experiences of those who failed to obtain an entrance into Oklahoma. The Indians themselves will be awarded land in severalty, and if they follow peaceful pursuits will find their situation vastly improved for the change. Year by year the number of red men is being reduced, and year by year they find their magnificent domain disappearing from their possession and opening up to the vast army of tillers of the soil who seek the rich alluvial prairies of the farthest West. Most of these settlers are from the States along the Mississippi. They are either the men or the sons of men who went from the East to locate upon homesteads in the Mississippi Valley. They have in part worn out their lands or have sold them at a profit, and are now ready to undergo again the hardships of their early days and reap the advantage.

It must be born in mind that every step taken in this march of civilization adds just so much to the productiveness of the land, increases the tonnage and passenger traffic of the railroads, opens new fields of industry, new manufacturing interests, and adds to the agricultural products of the nation. The sale of the Sioux land is in accordance with the terms of the treaty made when the Indians were given the reservation. The treaty provided that whenever the lands were desired for settlement they were to be sold at a fair valuation. The time has come for accepting the Government's option much sooner than had been anticipated, and the Indians who, when the stipulation was entered into, expected

that they would rest quietly for the remainder of their lives, share in the amazement of foreign nations at the rapidity of the advance of our civilization.

AN ASTONISHING MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

WHEN that distinguished French physician, Dr. Brown-Sequard, of Paris, recently made public his discovery of an "elixir of life" in the shape of a compound composed of the pulped and filtered glands of guinea-pigs and rabbits, some of the wisest physicians on this side of the water gravely shook their heads and remarked significantly that Dr. Brown-Sequard was a very old man, and that his mind was evidently not as strong as it used to be. But the more practical philosophers and physicians who immediately prepared to put to the test the prescription of the French physician were astonished to discover its efficacy, and hasten to inform the public that it is a discovery after all.

Among these is Dr. William A. Hammond, of Washington. Instead of using portions of guinea-pigs and rabbits, he has preferred the glands of the lamb. After selecting portions from a freshly-killed animal, pounding them into a pulp in a mortar, and mixing with a small quantity of water, he filters the mass and obtains a fluid perfectly clear and limpid, but somewhat thicker than water. From one lamb he obtains sufficient for a dozen injections, to be forced under the skin on the arm or leg, or any part of the body where the muscular tissues can be handled. The result of the application to several old gentlemen has been to renew their vital energies to a noticeable extent, and to give them an invigoration that was sensibly felt.

Dr. Brown-Sequard has hastened to say that he does not exaggerate the qualities of his medicine, that it is not an "elixir of life" in the sense that the term has been employed in other ages, but that it is simply a medicine of wonderfully invigorating power in the restoration of the vital functions of the aged. Dr. Hammond says that a single injection of the elixir into the half-paralyzed arm of a rheumatic man of sixty years enabled the patient speedily to use the ailing limb as vigorously as ever. Another physician who tried the injection into the arms of several valetudinarians in the hospital, reports that they were all wonderfully strengthened, and that the result of the experiment was in every way satisfactory.

The injection of fresh blood and the juice of beef, and even of salt water, into the tissues of patients who have been wasted by disease or natural decline has long since been found to be efficacious and healthful. This new discovery of the Paris physician is therefore an enlargement and extension of an idea previously conceived. It would be well if it leads the medical fraternity to consider the possibility of administering medicines in nearly all forms of disease by subcutaneous injection. If, as is understood, scarlet fever, cholera, yellow fever, diphtheria, and many other virulent diseases are caused by bacteria in the blood, why should not the bacteria be reached by an injection of a dilution of some medicine that shall be deadly to them, while not injurious to the life of the patient. Here is a realm of scientific investigation for medical men to take up. We hail Dr. Brown-Sequard's discovery as perhaps the stepping-stone to another that shall be of vast importance to the human race.

ENGLISH JUSTICE.

OBVIOUSLY there is less sentiment among English jurymen than among those in America. A jury sitting in Liverpool, and judging a woman accused of murder on purely circumstantial evidence, did not hesitate, after brief deliberation, to declare her guilty.

Mrs. Maybrick, the murderess, was an American, the daughter of wealthy and fashionable parents living in the South. She married a Liverpool cotton merchant, and it was proved on the trial and admitted by the accused, that she had been unfaithful to her marriage vows. Her husband died, after a lingering illness, with all the symptoms of arsenic poisoning, and a tell-tale letter written during his illness, by his wife, admitted that she expected him shortly to die. For the defense Mrs. Maybrick undertook to show that her husband was in the habit of taking arsenic, and that she also had used it for her complexion. The judge delivered a charge bearing strongly against the unfortunate creature, and the jury did not hesitate to declare her guilty. An effort will be made, by an appeal to the home secretary and the Queen, to mitigate the sentence to life imprisonment.

We refer to this revolting story principally to show the difference between English and American juries. It is entirely safe to say that with such a strong defense as Mrs. Maybrick presented, and with such eloquent counsel as she had to plead her case, it would have been almost impossible to have found a conviction in the first degree against her in any American court. Rarely is an American woman of social influence and means con-

victed of any grade of crime; ordinarily a protracted and desperate legal struggle terminates in the prisoner's acquittal.

A surprising feature of the trial was the action of a well-known insurance corporation of this city, the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, which, through its president, Mr. Edward B. Harper, advanced \$1,000 toward the expenses of Mrs. Maybrick's defense. Strangely enough, Mr. Maybrick, the murdered husband, had a policy in this association for \$25,000, \$10,000 in favor of his wife and the balance in favor of his brothers. The conviction of Mrs. Maybrick, of course, releases the company from the payment of the \$10,000 due her, though it does not release the corporation from the payment of the remaining portion to the brothers. It is therefore all the more noteworthy that the company contributed \$1,000 for the defense of the woman simply because Mr. Harper and his associates believed that she was innocent, friendless, and in need of a helping hand. After this it must not be said that all corporations are without souls.

THE PERILS OF SOME WESTERN CITIES.

IT is the misfortune of some of the most flourishing cities of the West that they contain tinder-boxes in the shape of wooden buildings by the streetful. The inflammable material of which such cities are built offers them as a ready sacrifice to the flames. The destruction of Spokane Falls, following that of Seattle, Washington Territory, illustrates this fact very clearly. The loss at Spokane is estimated at over \$10,000,000, and yet when the fire occurred there was a dead calm, and the telegraph reports that the flames could have been extinguished without the slightest difficulty had the citizens exerted themselves, and had a supply of water been at hand. The sparks and glowing cinders, as they rose in the air, descended upon the neighboring property, and the fire thus gradually spread, while the heat created an indraft of air and scattered the flames wider and wider, until the entire city was doomed.

It is not surprising that these western cities are mainly built of the cheapest material at hand, but it is amazing that cities of such enterprise and magnitude as Spokane Falls should be without adequate facilities for the extinguishment of fires. The lesson that has been learned at Seattle has now been learned at Spokane Falls, and it is announced that the buildings to be erected are to be fireproof, and that out of the ashes of the old town will arise a new city of brick and iron that will be attractive and permanent in character. The experience has been a costly one, but it may yet be found to have its compensations.

It is a pleasure to recall, at this time, that although but a few weeks have elapsed since the flames swept from existence the greater part of Seattle, the citizens of that enterprising place have hastened forward their improvements, and already it has largely recovered from the awful blow inflicted upon it. We doubt if a parallel can be found to this remarkable resiliency of physical development in a large community. It required months, we might say years, for Chicago to recover from the shock of its great fire eighteen years ago; but in the States of the Pacific coast, and especially in Washington Territory, human vitality seems to be at its best, and American enterprise has apparently reached its highest development.

The future of Washington Territory, in spite of these two sudden and severe blows, is full of promise, and many regard it as the best field to-day for the investment of capital and for the development of the ambition of any young man of talent and capacity who wishes to strike out for himself.

THE LUST FOR WEALTH.

THE newspapers in one day, recently, reported the arrest of Mr. Eben S. Allen, the president of a New York street railway company, on the charge of issuing fraudulent certificates of its stock and thereby appropriating over \$100,000; and the arrest of Mr. J. Frank Collom, a prominent attorney and real-estate dealer of Minneapolis, charged with forging the indorsement of a warm personal friend of his father's on notes aggregating nearly \$250,000. Both of these prisoners were presumed to be wealthy, both lived in what the newspapers call "the highest style," and both were supposed to be beyond the reach of temptation. Each acknowledges that he was induced to sin by reason of speculations in which he had embarked, and both admitted that they deserved punishment.

To a man of conservative tendencies, who calmly thinks of such crimes as these, it is inconceivable that any one in the enjoyment of his senses, his health, should deliberately risk all his future prospects and sacrifice himself, his friends, and his family to the devouring passion for wealth. And yet it cannot escape observation that in this country, more and more every year, men are valued not for their mental accomplishments, not for their integrity, uprightness, and probity, but for the wealth they have, or pretend to have, and for the display they make. The dress of a man, the size of his bank account, does more for him in public estimation than anything else. One, therefore, who desires to succeed in life, to enjoy the charm of social circles and hasten his children's preferment, feels that it is useless to make the struggle unless he has money and plenty of it.

How far this condition of things is responsible for such abnormal lapses from virtue as the newspapers daily record, can only be a matter of conjecture. Nearly every instance we call to mind of defalcations of this character can readily be accounted for on the theory we advance. In this matter, at least, we are not doing as well as our ancestors. In the frugal times of a hundred years ago wealth counted for little where a man's character was concerned. Steadfast uprightness, unquestioned integrity, devotion to his family, and the highest regard for his own honor gave a man an established character, and always brought him reputation and influence if refinement and education crowned his virtues.

We live in a luxurious age. The temptation to obtain wealth by means fair or foul is stronger to-day than ever before. The outcome of such a condition of things is not difficult to predict. Licentiousness follows luxury, and crime stalks boldly after both. It is idle to talk of going back to the simple days of a hundred years ago, but it is timely to preach the old-fashioned doctrine that a man is what he proves himself to be, that he is the architect of his own character, as well as of his fortunes, and that the

former is of vastly more consequence, here and hereafter, than the latter.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

MR. BLAKELEY HALL contributes to this issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY a critical sketch, at once interesting and timely, of the young German Emperor, concerning whom false impressions are entertained by many Americans. It is quite certain that no reader of this paper will "skip" Mr. Hall's readable article.

THE Gentiles of Salt Lake City are greatly elated over the result of the recent city election. They not only elected their legislative candidates in several precincts, but in the city at large secured a majority over the Mormons, insuring them, as they believe, a Gentile city government in February next. There has never been any room for doubt that the Mormon domination in Utah would finally be broken, and this result at the very capital of the polygamous hierarchy may fairly be regarded as "the beginning of the end."

GOVERNOR LOWRY of Mississippi is as good as his word. He warned the prize-fighters, Sullivan and Kilrain, away from Mississippi on penalty of punishment. County officials failed to obey his commands, and he, like a man of his word, undertook to see that the guilty parties were punished. The plea of Pugilist Sullivan that he did not mean to fight in Mississippi, and that if he had not fought he would have been called a coward, does not amount to anything. This great, big, overgrown ruffian and wife-beater ought to be placed in jail, and it would be healthful to the community generally if he were promptly found guilty and sentenced to the longest time allowable. We take off our hat to Governor Lowry.

THE Governor-general of Canada having refused to disallow the Jesuit estates act, which has thus become unassailable law, the agitation on the part of its opponents has been renewed, and there is a prospect that the hostility between the Protestants and Catholics, already bitter, will in consequence be greatly intensified. It is said that the Protestant organizations are already preparing to make war upon the Government, and that a demand will at once be made for the withdrawal of Lord Stanley as Governor-general. It is not probable that this demand, if made, will be complied with by the Home Government, but if a serious religious struggle is to be averted, the Dominion Administration will need to exercise much greater discretion than it has heretofore displayed in dealing with the subject.

IN the course of his official duty, Postmaster-general Wanamaker recently advised the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company that he considered the rate paid by the Government for telegraphic service to be excessive, and that in his opinion it should be reduced to one mill per word. Thereupon certain partisan newspapers, remembering that Mr. Jay Gould was largely interested in the Western Union, started the story that Mr. Wanamaker's action proceeded from a desire to punish Mr. Gould for having given \$50,000 to the Democratic National Committee in the last Presidential campaign, and refused to contribute anything to the Republicans. So far as is known Mr. Gould did not make any considerable contribution to either committee, but that makes no difference, of course, with the partisan editor; so long as he can have his fling at the Postmaster-general, a lie out of the solid serves just as well as the truth.

It is certainly true of Governor Foraker of Ohio that he has the courage of his convictions. A striking proof of this fact is furnished by his outspoken condemnation of the recent action of the saloon-keepers of Cincinnati in reference to the Sunday law. It will be remembered that the city authorities having declared their purpose to stop public liquor-drinking on Sunday, the saloon-keepers held a mass-meeting and announced their determination to defy the law and carry on their business as usual on the Sabbath. Instantly, upon learning of this action, Governor Foraker telegraphed to the Mayor: "Do not tolerate any defiance of law. No man is worthy to enjoy the free institutions of America who rebels against a duly-enacted statute and defies the authorities charged with its enforcement. Smite every manifestation of such a spirit with a swift and heavy hand." When it is remembered that Governor Foraker is a candidate for reelection, and that the liquor interest of Ohio is rich, powerful, and unscrupulous, this prompt and decisive rebuke of its lawless course must be regarded as the act of a brave and fearless man, capable of doing his duty and maintaining his convictions at whatever personal cost or sacrifice.

ONCE in a while, once in a great while, we find a man prominent in public life, active in politics, earnest in behalf of his party, surrounded by friends who would like to see him in the public service, declining a tempting office when offered him. Such a man is General John N. Knapp, of Auburn, who for several years past has been Chairman of the Republican State Committee of the State of New York, gratuitously and cheerfully devoting protracted periods of intense labor to the promotion of his party's ends. General Knapp is the intimate friend and devoted admirer of that other tireless worker for his party's interests, the Hon. T. C. Platt, and the latter, after General Harrison's election, did not hesitate to warmly recommend General Knapp's appointment to the place of Naval Officer at New York. The appointment very naturally would have followed, and every one expected that it would be made, when suddenly a letter appeared, written by General Knapp, and addressed to ex-Senator Platt, stating that after careful deliberation he did not feel called upon to sacrifice the comforts of his delightful home in Auburn, and of a charming home circle, to take up his residence in New York, amid all the perplexities and hardships of official life. In his admirable and characteristic letter to Mr. Platt, General Knapp says that it is exceedingly gratifying to him to know that his candidacy for the office was supported by the united Republican party of the State. This was a compliment to General Knapp, of which he may well feel proud—prouder perhaps than he would have been over any honors that the naval office itself might have conferred.



REPRESENTATIVE SOCIETY LADIES OF NEW YORK.—2. MISS SALLIE HARGOUS.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

THE GOELET CUPS.

THE most important and interesting race during the annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club was that for the Goelet cups, sailed off Newport on the 9th instant. These cups, designed by Tiffany, were for schooners and sloops, the former valued at \$1,000, and the latter at \$500. The schooner prize was a handsome silver trophy in the form of a vase, very massive and bold in effect, twenty-one inches high and fourteen and one-half inches in diameter at the bulb. The handles are of sea-plant, entwined with garlands of seaweed. The foot is composed of shells and water. The front of the vase is decorated with a beautifully modeled Nereid riding on the back of a dolphin above a large shield or shell, which is intended to contain the name of the winning yacht. The reverse side is a continuation of the front, introducing the laurel-wreath and shells. The vase stands on a base of solid rosewood.

The sloop prize stands on a similar solid rosewood base. The bowl is twelve inches high and seventeen inches in diameter. It is decorated at the top with beautiful carved heads of satyrs and grapes. Running around the top on one side is the Latin motto of the New York Yacht Club, and on the reverse side, "The Goelet Cup for Sloops, 1889." The foot of the bowl is composed of four Nereids.

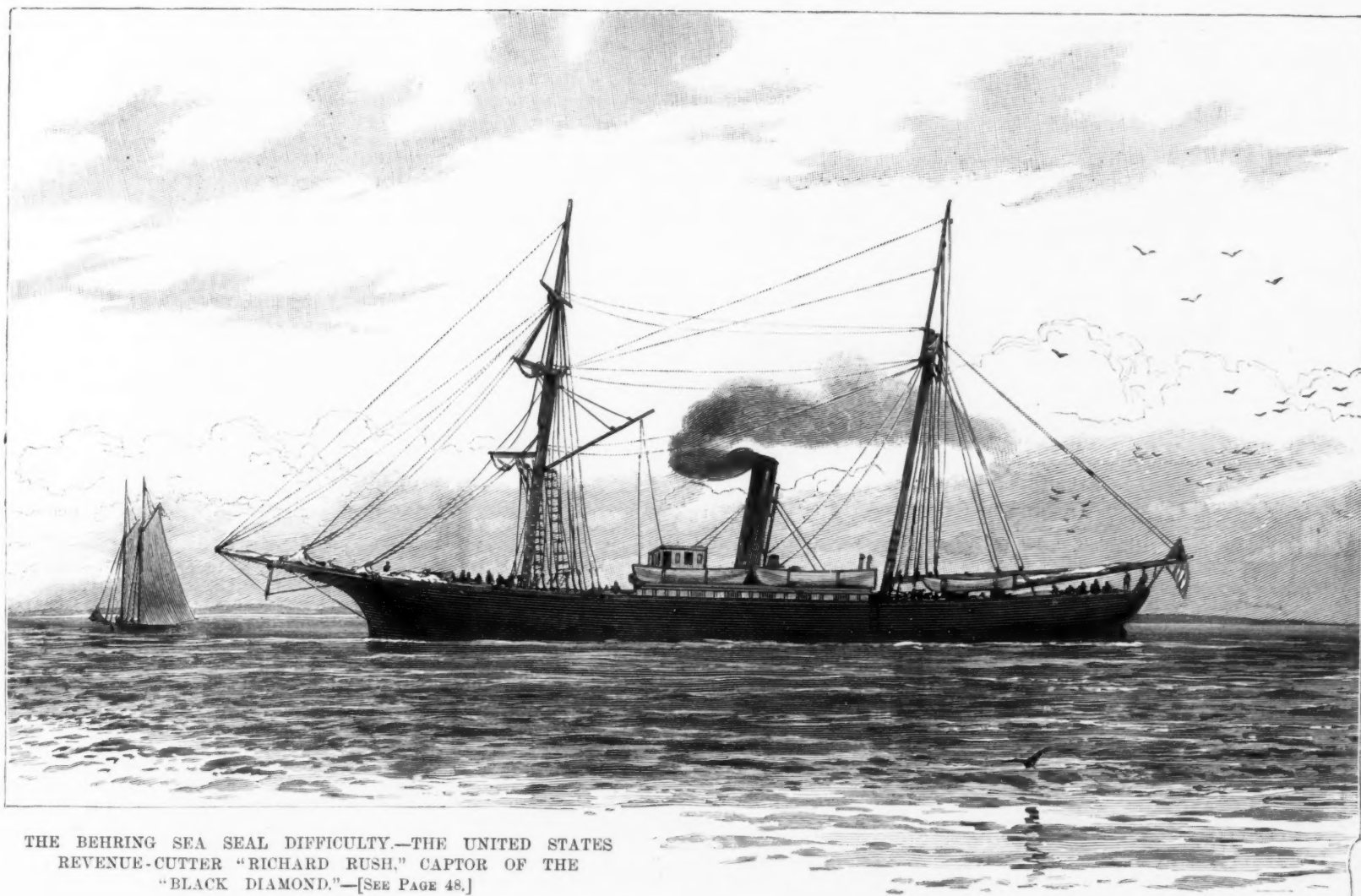
The first of these prizes was captured by the schooner-yacht *Sea Fox*, owned and designed by Captain A. Cass Canfield, Commodore of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, and the second by the seventy-foot sloop *Titania*, owned by Captain C. Oliver Iselin, and designed by Mr. Edward Burgess. The races, in which ten schooner-yachts, three sloops, and one cutter participated, were made in a spanking breeze, and were the most successful of recent years, affording genuine enjoyment to every member of the attending fleet.



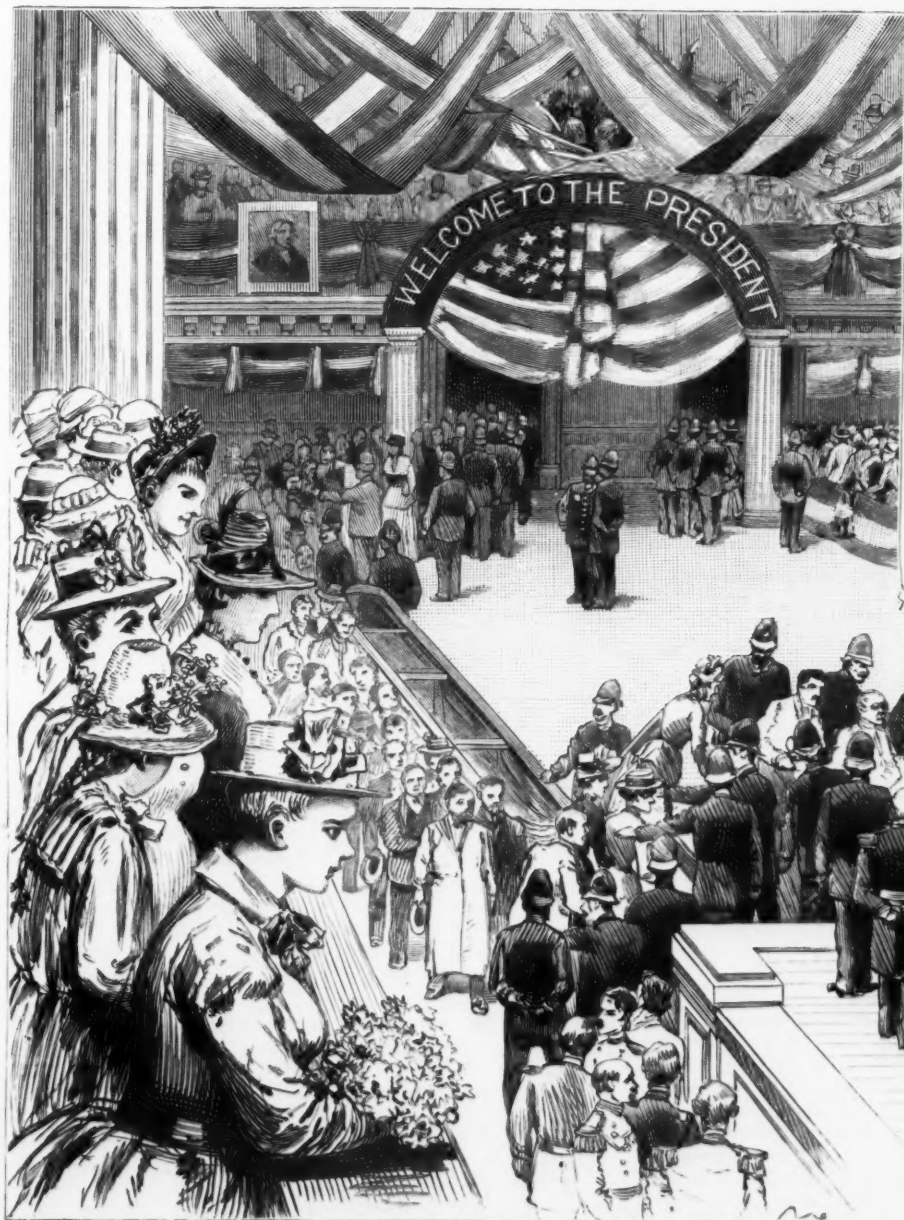
THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB RACES.—THE GOELET CUP FOR SCHOONERS.



THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB RACES.—THE GOELET CUP FOR SLOOPS.



THE BEHRING SEA SEAL DIFFICULTY.—THE UNITED STATES REVENUE-CUTTER "RICHARD RUSH," CAPTOR OF THE "BLACK DIAMOND."—[SEE PAGE 48.]



PRESIDENT HARRISON'S VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND.—HIS RECEPTION IN FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

TO AUGUST.

WARM month of hazed air and floating clouds;
With crickets chirring day and night,
And thousand locusts, singing in the trees
That dream while ripening in delight
Their fruits or seeds. Persistent katydids,
New-born these days, in swarming crowds
Assembled on the boughs, like million bees
Sing out, in tune, what August bids
Them say to all the fields, and groves, and woods;
Creation glows! Perfection dreams and broods!

White hoods, short dresses brown, move 'long the road,
With fences vine-grown, where the sweets
Of rampant fruits their lusciousness proclaim.
And, on some golden lawn, she meets
Him who hath ravished all her heart; they muse
Or cavil . . . once he had bestowed
Upon her favors; said a lovely name—
Oh! now her beating heart must choose!
And while the clouds float lazily, the weeds
Their hard-scents sweet exhale—'tis Love who leads!

Oh have I seen thee, August! like a woman
Stand on this lovely, lovely earth,
With rapture in thy face, and courting Love;
Not knowing sorrow, grief, or dearth;
Resplendent in thy sway, with Plenty near.
Thy kisses, to the bairn, the yeoman,
To all the hills and dales, the fragrant grove,
Sweet-given, were as wild and dear
As even are a woman's, quickening all
Man's faculties—so Nature is thy thrall!

M. ESTEY.

THE DANSEUSE.

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT—IN ONE ACT.

BY FANNIE AYMAR MATHEWS.

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY:

GABRIELLA The Danseuse.
LADY FLORENCE HASTINGS Her Daughter.
SIR BERTRAM TREVOR Her Lover.
BATEMAN Her Maid.

SCENE: The dressing-room of Gabriella, the première danseuse of the Royalty Theatre, London: doors R. and L. of C., dressing-table strewn with flowers, notes, jewelry, etc., etc. Large square table C. Costumes tossed over the chairs. Small clock on a stand R. U.

[Bateman discovered just entering at door R., which she throws open widely to admit Gabriella, who enters completely enveloped in a very long cloak of rich fur, and holding in her hand a tiny bunch of violets. Bateman is laden with various floral tributes of great cost and size: the applause is still to be heard as it dies away in the front, and the music of the orchestra also softly plays for a few moments.]

GABRIELLA—So much for that. I thought that that tarantella would prove a hit.

BATEMAN—Madam, it was the greatest success of your whole life!

GABRIELLA—Ah, my good Bateman, you are perhaps a little too enthusiastic—

BATEMAN—Ah, madam. [Reproachfully.]

GABRIELLA—You may take my wrap. [Unfastens the cords of her cloak, and Bateman takes it from her shoulders, revealing her in the full toilette of the ballet—of black and pink tulle skirts, spangled with diamonds, a wreath of roses on her short, dark curls, her feet encased in pink silken stockings and black satin shoes. She continues.] Thank you, Bateman. You forget the triumphs of my youth; you forget that Gabriella is a woman of thirty-five years of age; that her past has known sorrow and splendor, riches and poverty, sunshine and shadow. [Sits R.] You forget the old glad days, eighteen years ago, in Florence—those were my days and my nights of success and triumph [sighs], of my happiness and my beautiful youth. [Her head sinks into her hands as she leans her elbows on the table C.]

BATEMAN—Indeed, madam, I have forgotten nothing. [Smooths Gabriella's hair with gentle tenderness.] And above all things, I, who have been your faithful servant—

GABRIELLA—[Reaching up and patting Bateman's hand with one of hers without raising her head.] And friend, Bateman, and friend.

BATEMAN—I have tried to be, madam, for all these years, and how can I ever forget the year in Florence—madam's lover, the ardent young English gentleman—your secret marriage to him [she touches lightly the ring on Gabriella's left hand], the little one, the baby.

GABRIELLA—[With a half sob.] My child, my little girl, my only one, my all, my Florence!

BATEMAN—Then the death of the young husband—the return of madam to the stage—the ovation—and, alas! our coming home from the theatre one night, to find the child gone.

GABRIELLA—Bateman, Bateman—sometimes I think of those hours and days until it seems to me as if I should lose my reason. Who took my child away from me? Who came like a thief in the night and stole her from me? [Rises.]

BATEMAN—Ah, madam, it must have been the family relations of her father.

GABRIELLA—And may be not! If I but had known—I, the poor, ignorant, innocent Italian dancer—of the real name of my husband's family. Oh, Bateman! how can I tell but at this moment my child, my little one, may—not far from me in this tempting, sinful London—need all a mother's care and love. [Crosses.]

BATEMAN—Madam, madam, do not excite yourself. Remember.

GABRIELLA—Oh, yes; I remember, my good Bateman—I remember [sits] the great public whom I love, I love! [Feverishly.] Whose applause is life and inspiration to me, both!

BATEMAN—And madam has ever also the recollection of the love and devotion of her husband. [Busies herself folding dresses, etc.]

GABRIELLA—[Rises, crosses, glances at the violets in her hand, touches them lightly to her lips.] Yes, yes; and yet sometimes, Bateman, do you know, I think a woman does not learn what real love is—until she is—as—old—as—I am now. [Sits. Puts the violets in corsage.]

BATEMAN—[Stops her folding suddenly, and regards Gabriella.] Yes, madam.

GABRIELLA—Ah, my good, faithful one. [Rises.] You think me mad. [Laughs.] Who knows, perhaps I may be. Hark! Whose footstep is that? [Listens.] Surely I am not called as yet; the act is not over? Eh?

BATEMAN—No, madam; oh, no; it lacks ten minutes yet [regards clock] of your next call. [Crosses to door L., opens it on the crack.] It is Sir Bertram Trevor, madam. Shall I admit him?

GABRIELLA—[Smiles softly to herself as she sits with her back to the L. entrance, takes the violets from her corsage and gazes at them.] Yes; admit him.

[A tap at the door L., which Bateman throws open. Enter Sir Bertram in evening dress. Exit Bateman R. with the cloak over her arm.]

SIR BERTRAM—[Advancing down.] Gabriella! [Softly. She does not turn her head, but lifts her hand up and stretches it out behind her over the back of the chair; he seizes it and kisses it vehemently. Leaning over the back of the chair, he encircles her with his arms.] My love! My own! You have never been so beautiful in your life as you are to-night.

GABRIELLA—[Throws back her head and looks shyly up at him.] Flatterer.

SIR BERTRAM—[Seriously.] A man does not, can not, flatter the girl [Gabriella winces at this word] he truly loves; it is impossible.

GABRIELLA—Ah, Sir Bertram, have a care your love is not a fantasy—a thing of the imagination. You see Gabriella, the première danseuse of the theatre, in all the glamour of the footlights, the glitter of jewels, the sway of music, the pomp and pageantry of the stage; but, in the sweet sunshine of the morning, what would—

SIR BERTRAM—[Crosses to front at her side.] And have I not seen you so a hundred times? and each time to find you lovelier in the daylight than behind the footlights' flare?

GABRIELLA—But my—my caste, my position. [She touches his brow gently.]

SIR BERTRAM—"Caste! position!" Words that, had I my way, should be blotted from the language. [Crosses, stands before her erect.] I am a man. You a woman. I love you—you—[half kneels beside her] love—me—I believe. I have asked you to be my wife. Gabriella, if there are such things as "caste" and "position," the husband confers them upon the wife he is proud to call his before that world which worships such things as you speak of. [Takes her hands.]

GABRIELLA—[Gazes into his face.] But I am not—a—young, very young, girl.

SIR BERTRAM—[Laughing.] And would you perhaps like to persuade me that you are a widow of thirty-odd, with a grown-up [Gabriella half starts away from him, recovers herself with effort] daughter! [she laughs hysterically] like the fiancée of my friend, Dick Howard—

GABRIELLA—[Rises. Sir Bertram also rises.] What do you tell me? [Laughs as she crosses up C.]

SIR BERTRAM—To be sure; you remember Captain Dick, don't you?

GABRIELLA—Certainly; of course I do. Engaged, you say? [Crosses L.]

SIR BERTRAM—Oh, yes; very much so.

GABRIELLA—A widow? [Crosses to dressing-table R., picks up a bottle of perfume, smells of it.]

SIR BERTRAM—Quite so; of thirty-odd, as I was saying, and with a grown-up daughter. [Laughs heartily.] Just fancy Dick playing propriety and papa. [Sits. Laughs.]

GABRIELLA—How very funny. [Crosses down C. to where Sir Bertram sits, leans her elbows on back of the sofa, and looks down at him as she speaks.] You would not like to marry a widow, would you, Sir Bertram?

SIR BERTRAM—Not much. [Turns to look up at her.] I am of too jealous a nature. Why, Gabriella, if it had been that you had been the wife of another man before me, I should be so envious [rises and puts his arms about her] of that past of yours and his—so fearful lest there might be a moment when your memory might play me false to wander back and bestow a single regret even upon my predecessor—that the very possibility would drive me mad.

GABRIELLA—[Soothingly.] To me—when you are with me [passionately] there is no past—no anything—but you!

SIR BERTRAM—Thank God! Ah, Gabriella, if it were otherwise I could not love you. Had you been a wife, a mother [with deep emotion], I should be jealous of the very child you had borne. I could not—could not endure the thought. [Passionately.] I am different from other men, perhaps [crosses], but such things would kill my love, and leave in its stead—I know not what! [Crosses.]

GABRIELLA—[Crosses. Expresses by her facial play anguish, then the smothering of it. She goes up to Sir Bertram, touches his arm, and points to the clock, smiling.] In two minutes more I shall be called, do you see?

SIR BERTRAM—I see what an unmitigated ass I have been making of myself—wasting the precious moments in senseless talk of absurd impossibilities when I might have better employed it. Hark! I hear [crosses] Bateman coming now. Gabriella! [crosses to her again, and takes her in his arms] my love, my queen, my peerless little girl, before I quit you—now—promise me, give me your word that you will be my wife—that you will give me the right to take you from all this glare and glitter to the quiet and the sweetness of an Englishman's home—promise me. You will? You do? [She bows her head and lays her hands in his.] God bless you!

[Enter Bateman R., with cloak; she advances and attempts to fold it about Gabriella. Sir Bertram takes it from her and puts it tenderly about her himself, fastens the cords, etc.]

BATEMAN—The stage waits for you, madam. [Turns off up C.]

SIR BERTRAM—Let it wait. Darling, I may come back after this dance, may I not?

GABRIELLA—Yes—I suppose—so. I shall not be out more than three minutes by the clock; it is only a very short *pas seul*, and I have nothing to do with the *coryphées* at all. [Going. Sir Bertram opens the door R. for her, she kissing her hand.] Au revoir! [Exit R.]

SIR BERTRAM—[At the door R.] For ten minutes only! [Kisses his hand. Crosses L. to door, and lays hand on knob.]

[Bateman exits R. after Gabriella, and Sir Bertram glances about the room, sees the magnificent floral tributes, crosses and espies a bouquet of violets upon the toilet-table.]

My violets! [Takes them up.] Yes, and some of them were pinned in her corsage. She preferred you, you sweet and sensitive little blossoms, with your message of silent love, to all the magnificent offerings of my rivals. [Lays down the flowers.] So pure, so sweet, so innocent as you are, so is she; as fair a woman as God ever made, and [comes down] she loves me! loves me, poor and struggling as I am, rather than any of the rich fellows who are forever in her train. Ah, she loves me—and what to her are the jewels I cannot give her in comparison with the adoration that my life will encompass her with. My lack [sits C.] of money is no more to her than is—her—lack of high birth to me. Bah! [Rises.] What is this thing of birth save the blatant boast we gentlemen uphold ourselves withal in our competition with true men! She—my Gabriella, with no memory of a high-born father or ancestral halls, is as dainty, as fine—as the girl—[sits, leans head in hands] to whom, before the world, I am pledged in marriage. Oh, Florence! Florence! [Rises. Crosses. Music pianissimo.] Why, when we were children, did your grandfather and my father plan that you and I should one day be husband and wife? Why has this network grown with our growth about our lives, and only to end in my snapping the bonds asunder—for I cannot longer delay; this night must end our engagement in fact, as in your girlish heart you must know it has long since ended in reality. I—hark! [Music increases. Applause heard.] Gabriella's last *pas*. I must be seen in the box for at least a few moments during the *entr'acte*, for Florence— [Music and applause increase as exit L. Sir Bertram. Enter R. Bateman, courtseying to some persons without.]

BATEMAN—Whoever in this world can she be! [crosses down] desiring to see "Mademoiselle Gabriella, if possible," just for a very few minutes; something very important; no name to give, "for she would not know my name," she said. Well [crosses up R. and arranges articles of the toilet], I told her to go around to the other door, so as to avoid being spoken to by the gentlemen of the ballet; but I must say I hope she is not coming in here presently to spoil my dear mistress's happiness—for happy she is—and beloved she is—and, if I'm anything of a judge, she'll not be dancing in this or any other theatre very much longer. Hark! the applause is going down—yes [crosses L.] here she comes! [Opens door L. Enter Gabriella, flushed and laughing.]

GABRIELLA—No, no, my good Bateman. Take the cloak away. I am too warm already—feverish. [Sits.]

BATEMAN—You are exhausted, madam; a glass of wine? [Crosses and pours out a glass of champagne.]

GABRIELLA—No, no, no! thank you. Wine would but exhilarate me the more [Bateman sets the glass of wine down upon the stand R.], and I do not need exhilaration [Bateman busies herself about the room well up], do I? [Crosses to mirror.] No, no! Oh, Bertram, Bertram [gazes at herself in mirror]. I am beautiful! I am not—old—and if I deceive you—if I allow you to—remain—in—ignorance—of—the—past, shall it be visited on my head—in—the—future? [Turns from the mirror.] Oh, no! it cannot be, shall not be, for I love you so [sits]. I love you so that it seems to me that no love that ever came into woman's heart or life can have been so great as this love of mine. Ah [takes the violets from her bosom and kisses them passionately], we love each other, and what can ever come between to mar the perfectness of such a unity? Hark! yes, his footstep; it must be [sits]—his footstep!

[A low knock at the door, which Bateman answers, admitting Lady Florence, her face and figure almost entirely enveloped in the folds of a black-lace mantle. Gabriella smiles to herself joyously. Bateman comes down C. in front of her.]

BATEMAN—A lady, madam, desires to speak to you for a few moments only.

GABRIELLA—[Listlessly.] A lady of the ballet? Does she need money? Bateman, you see to her, like a good creature, my purse is on—

BATEMAN—No, madam; this is a lady—a stranger. I—

GABRIELLA—[Rises.] And wishes to see me? [Turns as Bateman goes up, and beholds Lady Florence. Both bow with ceremony.] Madam, you wish to speak with me?

LADY F.—[In evident agitation.] I do, mademoiselle, for a few moments only. Can I—could I—see you alone?

GABRIELLA—Bateman, you may retire. [Exit Bateman R.] Be seated, madam.

LADY F.—Thank you. I—oh, I do not know how to begin!

GABRIELLA—[Kindly.] What can I do for you? Are you in distress?—trouble?

LADY F.—[With deep anguish.] Oh, mademoiselle! you who are so beautiful, so admired—at whose feet hundreds of men are every day laying not only their hearts but their lives and names; you to whom the world is all a garden of flowers, and life so full of sunshine and of happiness; you to whom one heart more or less [Gabriella, bewildered, stares at Lady F. with increasing astonishment] can never count. [Sobs.]

GABRIELLA—Yes, yes! Well?

LADY F.—Oh! why have you robbed me of the one dear possession of my whole life long? [Buries face in hands. Sits.]

GABRIELLA—I! rob you—I! Madam, you are mistaken. I do not understand you.

LADY F.—Would to heaven I were mistaken. [Rises.] Oh, mademoiselle! listen to the story of the girl who now stands before you a suppliant, and do not turn from the piteous confession of a sister woman.

GABRIELLA—I listen to you, madam.

LADY F.—You do not know who I am. I will tell you. I am Lady Florence Hastings. You—have—perhaps—heard—of—me.

GABRIELLA—Never, madam.

LADY F.—[Sighs.] I am [painfully] the betrothed—wife—of—Sir—Bertram—Trevor.

GABRIELLA—[In whisper.] "The betrothed wife of Sir—Bertram—Trevor." [Staggering and leans for support against the table C., on which Bateman, prior to leaving the room, has carelessly spread the fur cloak of her mistress.] Well, wh—what of it?

LADY F.—Oh, Mademoiselle Gabriella, until he saw you—became infatuated with your charms—he was true and loyal to me as lover ever could be; until you wove about him the fatal web of your fascinations he was mine, and I come to you to ask, to beg [kneels beside Gabriella], on my knees, of you to restore to me that of which you have robbed me.

GABRIELLA—[Dazed.] Can one, then, take and give back another's love as one might a bauble? Madam, I—you must pardon me—I beg of you, rise!

LADY F.—You do not know him as I do—you cannot judge. Oh, mademoiselle, you would never be happy as his wife. You would never endure an existence of quiet and retirement, severed from all the gayety, life, and brilliancy that surround your every footstep here; and he—forgive me—he could not be happy wedded to a woman whose existence was dependent on the smiles of the public, the applause of the theatre. Will you not reflect? Will you not see that Sir Bertram Trevor and you are as unsuited to one another as— Oh, God forgive me! I am crazed with my misery and my love. [Sits.]

GABRIELLA—[Stands more steadily.] And I suppose, then [bitterly], that the danseuse has no heart, and can have no home? that for her the glare of the footlights must play the life-long substitute for the fireside of domestic life? Lady Florence—Lady Florence! [Crosses. Lady F. looks up at her.] the danseuse has a heart that belongs to Sir Bertram Trevor; the danseuse has the hope of a home within the heart, and a fireside to sit down by, with the man she loves as her husband.

LADY F.—Oh, God!

GABRIELLA—You say I stole him from you—say, rather, that of caste he took no account, and that when he asked me to be his wife this night he honored his heart, and perhaps did not disgrace his race.

LADY F.—Oh, hear me! hear me! It is not this thought that I have. It is—it could not be [shamedly] a question of caste with me, mademoiselle; only one of unfitness, and because he did love me until he beheld you. Mademoiselle, may I not tell you why it was I ventured to seek to see you to-night? why it is that the idea of rank or station cannot plead the cause of the girl who stands before you? [Gabriella bows her head.] Mademoiselle Gabriella, my mother, from whom I was taken in my infancy by my grandfather, in my native city of Florence, Italy [Gabriella starts], my mother, mademoiselle, was what you are—a danseuse. [Gabriella sinks into a seat and sways back and forth.] Oh, mademoiselle! you are beautiful, happy [Gabriella shudders and looks up vacantly], courted, flattered—you but amuse yourself with a heart that is all to me—nothing to you. I beg of you—

GABRIELLA—"Amuse myself?" "Nothing to me?" [Approaches Lady F. timidly, looks deeply into her eyes.] And your mother was a danseuse?

LADY F.—Yes. I only have learned the story of her secret marriage to my dead father under an assumed name very lately.

GABRIELLA—In Florence, you say?

LADY F.—Yes; I was born there.

GABRIELLA—[Touches Lady F.'s hair very gently.] Your name is—Florence—

LADY F.—Yes.

GABRIELLA—Italy, you say?

LADY F.—Yes; my mother was an Italian.

GABRIELLA—Another name?

LADY F.—No one will tell me that.

GABRIELLA—She is dead?

LADY F.—Ah! I think so. Oh, yes.

GABRIELLA—[Leans above Lady F., and, unknown to her, softly kisses her hair.] Yes—yes—dead—of course—of course—dead. [Sits in profound dejection.]

LADY F.—Oh, mademoiselle, you will have pity on me! [Deep emotion.]

GABRIELLA—[Her head drops upon her breast and her hands twist nervously together in her lap. A pause. She then rises, takes Lady F. by both hands, turns her face to the light, looks at her earnestly, sighs, shudders, turns away.] Lady Florence Hastings, you have nothing to fear from the danseuse.

LADY F.—[Seizing the hands of Gabriella and kissing them.] Oh, mademoiselle! what have you not done for me? what can I say to you? what do for you, to prove—to show? You do not understand—you do not realize. Bertram Trevor is my life; he was only your pastime.

GABRIELLA—What you can do for me? I will tell you. [Lays her hands upon Lady F.'s shoulders.]

LADY F.—Yes.

GABRIELLA—Pray—for—me.

LADY F.—Oh, mademoiselle! with all my heart, every day of my life.

GABRIELLA—And—you—will—let—me—touch—your—forehead—with—my lips—Florence? [Kisses Lady F.'s brow and then silently withdraws, and Lady F. as silently but slowly exits R. Gabriella falls half-swooning in a heap on the floor with a terrible sob.] My child—my child—my child!

[Enter Bateman R. smiling.]

BATEMAN—Madam, Sir Bertram is coming. Shall I admit him?

GABRIELLA—[Rises with great effort and crosses tottering to the mirror, picks up the rouge as she glances at herself, and touches it to her cheek.] Yes; admit him now, Bateman. [Bateman throws open the door L. Sir Bertram enters as Gabriella whispers in her ear. Bateman nods comprehendingly and exits L.]

SIR BERTRAM—Beloved, I should have been with you ten minutes sooner, but some confounded relations caught me on my way, and I had to stop and listen to their talk about heaven-knows-what of stupidity. [Advances to her.]

GABRIELLA—Ah, Sir Bertram [lightly], ten minutes; is it so long since I quitted the stage? Stay. Am I not a trifle pale? In need of a *souçon* of rouge—eh?

SIR BERTRAM—Ah, my darling, no; put it down. You know I

hate all such artifices, and am counting the hours until I can take you away forever from this scene and all it contains.

GABRIELLA—And do you think that I shall be happy, divorced from all the glare and glitter and excitement? [She stands balancing herself first on one foot then on the other, the rouge in her hand, smiling and looking at him.]

SIR BERTRAM—[Attempting to embrace her.] Yes, yes; and yes again. As my wife you will find from me all the devotion, adoration, that your nature can crave—eh, Gabriella?

GABRIELLA—[Her face turned aside betrays the anguish of her emotions.] But, Sir Bertram, you are poor, are you not?

SIR BERTRAM—Yes, poor in money and in lands, my darling; rich in my love for you. Ah, that will suffice us—trust me!

GABRIELLA—[With effort.] I am not so sure. See, Sir Bertram—look. [Crosses up C., picks up basket of exotics, and takes therefrom a splendidly-jeweled bracelet, holds it up to the light, and fastens it upon her wrist.] I am fond of such things as this. Lord St. Evremont sent it to me just now, and you cannot bestow on me such pretty trifles.

SIR BERTRAM—[Anger, amazement.] Gabriella, take that man's gift from your arm. [More gently.] My love, you do but tempt me with your teasing. [Essays to take it off.]

GABRIELLA—No, no [petulantly]; it is pretty; I like it. Let it be. Listen, Sir Bertram. Sit down there, yonder—no, not so near. There, that will do. I am all that you do not wish for in a wife. I am [painfully] thirty-five years old. [He starts, and smiles incredulously.] I am—a widow. I—have—a child [with deep emotion], a daughter, who—is—a woman grown. I am fond of ease, luxury, riches, and— [Rises.] Well [Sir Bertram rises also], have you nothing to say?

SIR BERTRAM—Only this, Gabriella. I do not believe one word of it. You—you [crosses, fetches mirror from table R., and holds it before her face. She puts her hands before her eyes and refuses to look at her reflection] older by seven years than I am myself. Beloved, why do you jest with me so?

GABRIELLA—[Lays her hand upon his arm.] Bertram, it is true; and think how, in the years to come, I could never endure the quiet and retirement [Aside.]—Were not these the words she uttered?—[to Sir Bertram] of private life—that you could not be happy wedded to a woman whose whole existence was dependent on the smiles of the public—the applause of the theatre.

SIR BERTRAM—My queen, my darling! you are beside yourself. Is this the woman who not one-half hour ago gave me her promise to be my wife? Oh, Gabriella! Gabriella! do not torture and play with me any longer—be yourself.

GABRIELLA—[Half hysterically leans against table C., her hands behind her.] "Be myself," Sir Bertram? So I am, so I am. Behold! Gabriella [she springs lightly on top of the table and stands in one of the attitudes of the ballet in the centre of the fur cloak which is spread out there] the danseuse! Oh! the applause. [Kisses her hand to an imaginary audience whilst Sir Bertram gazes at her in consternation.] The music—hear it! [Laughs. Changes position.] The lights, the public, the flowers, see them showering at my feet. Look! Sir Bertram! and—amid the blossoms, jewels, gold, things I worship! [Sobs and laughs hysterically.] Things dearer to me than any quiet fireside on earth. You perceive. I have been on the stage since my fifth year—for thirty years—and you, a young, noble, true-hearted English gentleman, you should marry with—one—of your own people—some fair, bright, sweet girl. [She jumps from the table and crosses R. C.] Bateman! [Takes glass of wine from stand and drains it, looking at Sir Bertram.] Ah! this will give me strength. [Enter Bateman L., to whom she utters a few whispered words. Exit Bateman bowing.] Will you have some? [Offers wine.]

SIR BERTRAM—Gabriella [seizes her wrists], you are mad.

GABRIELLA—No, Sir Bertram [tremulously, as she withdraws from his touch]—only just and true—and what a woman should be; and, Bertram [looking into his eyes]—in the years to come, when you—are—happy—with—your—wife [sobs]—give—one—thought—to—[Enter Bateman R. Enter with her Lady Florence, amazed. Gabriella turns from Sir Bertram and crosses to Lady Florence. Sir Bertram starts at sight of his betrothed. Gabriella takes Lady Florence's hand in hers. Bateman retires up C.] her—mother!

LADY F.—My mother! [In awe-struck whisper.]

SIR BERTRAM—"Her mother?" [His head sinks upon his breast. Gabriella places Lady Florence's hand in his, and then, with a shudder and a smile of extreme sweetness she catches up the fur cloak from the table C., envelops herself completely in it and crosses up C. to R., where Bateman meets her. Sir Bertram and Lady Florence gaze into each other's eyes, as Gabriella at door R. looks back over her shoulder, presses the violets from her corsage to her lip; a low, sharp sob as music, pianissimo, and

CURTAIN.

[The right to dramatic representation is reserved by the author.]

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

AUGUST 25th.—In New York, Wm. A. Odell, widely known in business and religious circles; in Prague, General Philippovich, the conqueror of Bosnia, aged 71; in Brooklyn, N.Y., Dr. G. A. Dayton, formerly Canal Auditor, and for many years one of the most eminent physicians of Oswego County, aged 68. August 26th.—In Topeka, John Higginbotham, a capitalist well known in Kansas, aged 74; in Naples, Italy, Cardinal William Masella, aged 80; at Glenwood, Va., Captain William Danton, quartermaster of General "Jub" Lee's Cavalry during the Civil War; at Haverhill, Mass., Rev. J. W. B. Clark, a retired Baptist minister, aged 58. August 27th.—At New Bedford, Mass., Jonathan Bourne, prominent in corporation affairs and manufacturing industries, aged 78. August 28th.—At Wilmington, Del., General Henry Dupont, head of the celebrated powder manufacturing firm, aged 77; at Rome, Italy, Benedetto Caroli, the distinguished liberal statesman, aged 65. August 29th.—In New York City, Captain William R. Knighton, an old American sea-captain, aged 59; in Yonkers, N.Y., Dr. George B. Upham, a physician of wide repute for skill and fidelity in his work, aged 66; in Shelbyville, Ky., Judge William F. Bullock, once prominently identified with public affairs, aged 82; at Nutley, N.J., Richard Kingsland, one of the oldest paper manufacturers in the country, aged 71. August 30th.—In Peabody, Mass., Mrs. Eliza Sutton, conspicuous for her many deeds of benevolence, aged 83; in Brooklyn, N.Y., William H. Smith, for many years one of the best-known business men of the city, aged 70; at Oswego, N.Y., H. M. Britton, General Manager of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, aged 58. August 31st.—At Crescon Springs, Pa., Judge Hugh H. Cummin, of Williamsport, prominent in legal and judicial circles, and lately active superintendent of the distribution of the relief fund at Johnstown, aged 48; in Harrico County, Va., Daniel K. Stewart, the richest man in the State, and influential in church affairs, aged 81. August 12th.—At Yonkers, N.Y., Dr. Alexander Brown Mott, distinguished in surgery, aged 63; in London, the artist Bellerophon; at Herrnhut, Germany, Rev. Amodeus A. Renike, D.D., Moravian Bishop of New York, aged 67.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A CAT that will drink beer is one of the curiosities of Calamet, Ohio.

CHINESE immigrants are invading Mexico and being smuggled over the United States border.

THE recent floods in Japan are said to have swept away 12,000 houses and drowned 100 persons.

THERE is said to be such a scarcity of sailors that men cannot be found to equip the new ships of our new navy.

A TREATY has been concluded between Japan and Russia, similar to that arranged between Japan and the United States.

A DISPATCH from Zanzibar, Africa, says that Stanley is coming down the coast with Emin Pasha, 9,000 men, and an enormous quantity of ivory.

THE McDow verdict is said to be bearing its legitimate fruits in South Carolina, an unusual number of tragedies having recently occurred throughout the State.

THE North Dakota Constitutional Convention decided to locate the capital at Bismarck, and the other State institutions are apportioned among the other towns.

AN emigration movement has been started among the colored people of North Carolina, and thousands of them will probably leave that State during the next eight months.

REPORTS to the Illinois State Board of Agriculture show that the aggregate yield of wheat in the State for the year will be about 34,000,000 bushels, an increased yield per acre of unusually fine berry.

THE increase in the taxable properties of Georgia during the past year amounts to over \$6,000,000. A peculiarity of the increase this year is that the bulk of it is reported from the cotton belt, which has heretofore been falling behind.

THE discovery of oil in Michigan will extend the oil territory of this country in a new direction. An expert who has examined samples of this product pronounces it to be of fine quality, and further expresses the opinion that natural gas will be found in the same vicinity.

A STATEMENT prepared at the Post-office Department shows that the increase in the mileage of railway mail service for the fiscal year 1889 was 6,946 miles. Nebraska furnished the largest increase, 592 miles, followed by Alabama with 472 miles, Kansas with 416 miles, and Kentucky 380 miles.

A "MINERAL PALACE" is to be erected at Pueblo, Col., by capitalists of Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo. The framework of the building will be concealed outside and inside with ores of all kinds, mineral specimens, coal, iron, steel, and copper. The interior will represent tunnels, drifts, shafts, and smelters.

AN attempt was recently made by some 200 insurgents to dethrone King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Islands. They stormed the palace, but were driven off by local military organizations assisted by United States marines. It is said that the insurrection was inspired by native hatred of foreign control, and that Princess Liliuokalani was at the bottom of it.

OFFICIAL figures from India show that the deficiency in the wheat crop is nearly double what it was stated to be a month ago. It turns out to be 25,918,704 bushels less than the average for the past four years. Reports from the harvest fields all over England show increasing effects of the bad weather, with more mildew than has been known before in the last ten years.

AND now Atlanta prejudice has been shocked again. The Republican postmaster has actually appointed a colored man to a clerkship. He says, in self-defense, that he had two men to choose from, both of whom had passed the civil-service examination, and, in his judgment, the colored man was the better of the two, and so he appointed him, and will stand by his action regardless of the consequences to himself. It is to be hoped he will "stick," even if he should lose the favor of the "best society" in which he has hitherto moved.

AN official statement as to the growth of our new navy shows that since March, 1885, twenty-six vessels have been provided for by Congress, exclusive of the five double-turreted monitors that were already building. Of these twenty-six ships the Yorktown alone is in commission; the Charleston, the Baltimore, the Petrel, and the Vesuvius have been launched, and all except the Baltimore have had their steam trials. When these ships are all completed—say three years hence—we shall have a navy about as powerful as that of Germany at the present time. Considering the fact that we had no ship-building plant and no gun-foundry capable of building and arming these ships five years ago, the progress made is not unsatisfactory.

THE Cincinnati saloon-keepers who recently determined to set the laws at defiance by keeping their saloons open on Sunday have come to their senses. They made one attempt to carry out their purpose and found that they had aroused the determination not only of the public authorities but of all respectable people to see the law vindicated. They saw their mistake, held a second meeting and voted to obey the law, and on the next Sunday no attempt was made to keep the saloons open. Two days later, when those who had been arrested for violation of the law on the day the revolt was attempted were arraigned, they meekly expressed repentance, asked forgiveness, and promised to behave themselves as law-abiding citizens in the future. The prosecutions were thereupon suspended.

THE fire at Spokane Falls, following that at Seattle and other heavy fire losses on the Pacific coast, threatens seriously to embarrass the fire insurance companies of San Francisco. The annual receipts of the Pacific coast companies, which have united in a sort of compact or trust, are estimated at \$8,500,000, while their losses already this year, with the worst months yet to come, aggregate nearly \$10,000,000. Including the losses during the ensuing five months that are ordinarily to be expected, the companies will suffer a loss on the year's business of between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000, and it is feared that some of them will be forced into bankruptcy. The result is seen in the steady decline of the stocks of the strongest fire companies, and the marked hesitancy in making purchase of them.



SAVED!

DANGERS OF SURF-BATHING ON THE COAST—A SCENE AT CONEY ISLAND.—DRAWN BY J. DURKIN.—[SEE PAGE 48.]



"A PUNY, WEAK-KNEED, AND BOASTFUL SAPLING."

THE inaccuracies of correspondents when they refer to well-known men are sometimes startling. The percentage of absurdity set forth in the dispatches concerning the recent visit of Emperor William to England was instructive to any one acquainted with the appearance of the young monarch. One of the London correspondents in referring to him remarked that the "puny, weak-kneed, and boastful sapling" was posing as a warrior.

I was in Berlin for several months during the illness of William I., the martyrdom and death of Frederick, and the accession of Prince William to the throne. I saw the young soldier almost daily when Heir Apparent, afterward as Crown Prince, and finally, as Emperor, for several months. Indeed, when he came out into the palace yard at Potsdam a minute or two after his father died, and gave the celebrated order that sent a body of soldiers on a run around the palace until they inclosed it in a living cordon, two London correspondents and I were virtually made prisoners within a few feet of His Majesty. As his father had been dead only a few minutes, we were the first civilians who saw him as Emperor.

I confess to a tremendous admiration for the young ruler of Germany, as far as his appearance is concerned. If he is a "puny, weak-kneed, and boastful sapling," then John L. Sullivan is an elfin sprite and Jumbo was the petal of a rose. It is the custom for correspondents to claim a personal acquaintance, in a light and airy fashion, with men of note all over the world, but I doubt very much if any of them can muster up assurance enough to make such a claim concerning William II. He is the head of the greatest royal house of Christendom. A cross of the blood of a Guelph and a Hohenzollern produced that intrepid, magnificent, and self-contained warrior, Frederick the Great. It was also a cross between a Guelph and a Hohenzollern that brought forth the present Emperor of Germany. If any man is entitled to feel a sensation of satisfaction over the accident of birth, it is probably he. He has inherited the imperious and autocratic manners of the Hohenzollerns of old, with none of the modern plump and sluggish easiness of the Guelphs.

I recall the hilarity with which some English newspapers were read one night at a dinner-party in Berlin. The guests were army officers and prominent Berlin journalists, with a sprinkling of foreigners. English was spoken by nearly everybody in the party, and by way of diversion a young officer of the *Guarde du Corps* read editorials from two of the London papers aloud. Prince William had been exceedingly disrespectful to his royal mother—who, as every one knows, is the oldest daughter of Queen Victoria, of England—and great indignation was expressed about it in London. The Prince of Wales had started to attend the funeral of Frederick, and the papers took occasion to remark that now, doubtless, the trouble between the young Emperor and his mother would be settled, for the Prince of Wales had made up his mind to give his royal nephew of Germany a thorough talking to, and that he would "force" the said nephew to treat his mother with respect.

People who are not familiar with the characteristics of the two men can scarcely realize the roar of derision that these theories provoked. That the stout, easy-going, and unimportant Crown Prince of England, whose greatest achievements are associated with a box at a theatre and the drawing-room of a professional beauty, should take to task the monarch of the German Empire, the head of the house of Hohenzollern, a trained and self-assertive soldier, and a man of intense and masterful pride, was the quintessence of absurdity to the Germans. When the prince did arrive at Potsdam, by the way, he, of course, bent his knee with profound and supreme respect to his nephew—for one was the head of the house of Hohenzollern and a reigning sovereign, and the other was not. This makes a difference in the Old World which cannot be measured by miles and leagues of latitude.

An instance of the "weak-kneed" character of the young Emperor occurs to me at the moment. It serves to illustrate the character of the man. It was just after the funeral of Frederick, and the young Emperor had carried a vast amount of weight on his shoulders for three days. He had received all the visiting kings, princes, and nobles, was constantly at work with Bismarck and the other court officers, directed the movements of the troops who had come to render the funeral notable, and had withstood an enormous amount of fatigue. There was a great departure of titled guests on the day after Frederick had been finally entombed, and the young Emperor had bade them farewell with full ceremony. It was three o'clock the following morning before he found time to rest. I may add that the correspondents had not enjoyed any more rest than His Imperial Majesty, and that is one reason why I personally have an extremely vivid idea of his sensation of fatigue. At three o'clock that morning His Majesty stretched himself on a camp bed in the Potsdam palace, and a group of correspondents left the park and went to the telegraph-office to send the final echoes of the funeral to the various quarters of the globe. Three of us were returning from the telegraph-office at five o'clock that morning toward the little village of Potsdam when the gates of the palace were thrown open by the guards, there was a clatter of hoofs, and a horseman, followed by a single aide, dashed by us at a stiff gallop and disappeared up country by the main road lying back of the palace. The sleepy driver of our coach whisked off his hat the instant the figure appeared, and the officers of the guard hurried to get a look at the rushing horses. It was the young Emperor of Germany. He galloped twenty miles before breakfast for the purpose of resting his wearied frame, and came back the picture of health and strength to take up the work of the day. A "weak-kneed" man who goes through a performance of this sort is a good man for antagonistic nations to keep their eyes upon. He sleeps little, eats little, and drinks little. He stands erect like a stag, has a narrow waist, broad shoulders, an erect carriage of the head, and the look of a powerful, perfectly-trained, and self-poised athlete.

The stories which are told of William's withered arm and useless hand are very much exaggerated. I remember one day in Berlin, when he was going to Charlottenberg to see his dying father, two of us took the liberty of galloping along close behind the Crown Prince along with the rest of the German Empire

who were present. They all followed helter-skelter after the idol. The Prince's mount became unruly as he passed under the railroad bridge in the Thiergarten. He rode a big sorrel mare. She shied and bade fair to prove unmanageable in the face of the noise of the engines and the frenzied cheering of the mob. The young Prince placed the fingers of his right hand on the rim of his cap in the customary German salute, and kept them there while he held the mare in the road and sent her well along about her business with his other hand. It was all done with his left hand—the "withered" one—and no man who is at all familiar with the management of a frightened horse will claim that the hand was destitute of strength or skill.

On horseback or on foot he is a magnificent-looking soldier, and the natural idol of a warlike people. I recall one more instance of his horsemanship. It was on a big plain just outside of Berlin, where a review of the Imperial Guards was held in honor of Queen Victoria of England, who was visiting her royal daughter. The then Crown Prince was in command. His skill and proficiency in military tactics are acknowledged by the most exact of military critics. His activity was tireless. He was everywhere at once. The number of horses alone was astounding to a casual American who is accustomed to a standing army of 23,000 men, and the evolutions of the cavalry were invariably performed with the horses thundering over the plain at a full gallop. To see 5,000 or 6,000 horsemen clad in the heavy plate of the guards rushing up and down, wheeling about and going through countless manœuvres, with the erect and soldierly Prince at their head, directing their every movement, and working harder than any of his aides, was a wonderful spectacle of capable, enthusiastic, and hardy manhood. His horse on this occasion was mettlesome and thoroughbred, and anything like a slip in front of the charging cavalry meant certain death. The picture of complete and contained mastery which William exhibited on that day is one of the most impressive ones that I recall. It will be understood, of course, that I speak of the man simply in a physical and spectacular sense.

The people worship him. They loved the old Emperor, and they pitied Frederick; but they adore the leader of their army. It extends through all classes. I have heard the peasants speak hopefully of him because they felt that he was such a great warrior that he would soon conquer another kingdom like France, and get another big indemnity to ease the taxes of the poor. Whatever the reasons may be that animate the loyalty of the different classes, there is no question as to the presence of the sentiment itself.

William is not of joyous mien. He looks fully thirty-five, he seldom smiles, his brow is knit and his manner austere. I have seen ten thousand people wait on the corner of Friedrich Strasse and the Linden, day after day, just to see him pass by. When he appeared the cheering was almost enough to wake the dead. Men and women shrieked and yelled until their faces were red, and they were nearly out of breath. The uproar was terrific. The young commander rode calmly and almost carelessly. His big, sullen, gray eyes would wander from face to face over the crowd as he watched the people cheer, and, finally, after they had yelled themselves almost into a state of frenzy, he would slowly lift his fingers to his cap, and then drop his hand with the gesture of a monarch who has dismissed a slave. There was nothing boastful or pretentious about it, and he was in no sense "on parade." The conviction smote everybody there that he fully believed that he was much greater than any other man in the world, and that he believed his people realized it too. If they did not, their looks belied them—and the Germans are not skilled in deception.

Beakely Hall

REPRESENTATIVE SOCIETY LADIES.—II. MISS SALLIE HARGOUS.

PERHAPS no lady in America, barring Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Cleveland, and Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, has been more written about, during the past year, more talked about, than the charming young belle whose picture adorns a page of this week's issue. And with all the notoriety that Miss Hargous has had forced upon her, not one word of disparagement has been printed or spoken. Many journals have printed pictures purporting to portray the beautiful features of Miss Hargous, but the most observant eye has failed to find in any one of them even the suggestion of a resemblance. The portrait in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY will be readily recognized as a fine and faultless one. No one who looks at the beautiful face of Miss Hargous will wonder that she is accounted one of the most strikingly attractive girls in society. Her figure, which is beautifully rounded, is slender and willowy—there are no angles; all are curves on the most approved line of beauty. Miss Hargous is tall and stately. She has none of the little prettinesses which are so charming in little blonde women. On the contrary, she is designed more on the Junoesque plan, and surrounded with an air of imperious command rather than of winning cajolery. Miss Hargous's most striking feature are her eyes, which are simply magnificent. They are great, deep, dark eyes, and one of her countless admirers has apostrophized them as "dark, slumberous Southern seas mirroring midnight stars." Her hair, guiltless of artificial aid, is what the old-time novels would call "waving raven tresses," and her complexion is darkly, clearly pale, with no color save in the lips.

Miss Hargous is the youngest of three sisters, all of whom have the tropical beauty of Mexico in their forms and faces. The two elder, Anita and Nina, are now Mrs. George B. de Forest and Mrs. William Appleton. Their father, the late Louis S. Hargous, was born in France, and their mother was a daughter of a fine old Irish family. The girls have inherited the combined charms of their descent—the *chic* air, the *espiglerie* of *la belle France*, the merry wit and beauty of the Emerald Isle, and the indescribable charm that is purely American. Rumor has put Miss Hargous's fortune at widely variant figures, never expressed, however, by less than seven numerals. Even the men who dread matrimony and mothers-in-law have fallen prone to the

combined financial, mental, and physical attractions, but still Miss Hargous is fancy free. She is now at Newport, where, with her brother, she is at the beautiful Weaver Villa. The air is full of rumors of a grand ball to be given there that will not only rival, but surpass, the famous one given last winter at Delmonico's for Miss Hargous's formal presentation to society. Then the December air was freighted with the fragrance of blossoming orange and apple trees which lined the ball-room walls, and the flowers and favors cost thousands of dollars. Miss Hargous is a very accomplished girl, and her gowns, her fans, her various feminine fripperies have furnished food for newspaper and drawing-room gossip for a long time. Her taste in dress is exquisite, and in the picturesque fashions of the day, which her wealth and taste carry out charmingly, Miss Hargous is undeniably "lovely fair to look upon."

[The next portrait in this series will be that of Mrs. Orme Wilson.]

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND.

THE reception of President Harrison in Boston and elsewhere, on the occasion of his trip to Bar Harbor, was most cordial and gratifying, attesting unmistakably his high place in the popular regard. Leaving Washington on the morning of the 6th he proceeded by rail to New York, and thence by the steamer *Pilgrim* to Fall River, giving a reception *en route* in the main saloon of the steamer, and on the following morning, under escort of representatives of the State Government, went on to Boston. Here the reception was most enthusiastic, the streets being crowded with a cheering multitude as the President was escorted by a body of cavalry to his hotel. During his stay in the city he was entertained by a State breakfast, was driven to points of interest in the suburbs, gave a civil reception to Federal, State, and municipal officials, and a general reception to the public in Faneuil Hall. The hall was surrounded by an enormous throng, and the interior was decorated with streamers of red, white and blue. As the President appeared he was loudly cheered, and being presented by Mayor Hart, he stepped to the front of the platform as the band played a lively air, and the people began to file past. First came an old white-haired man, who evidently remembered the days of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and others followed at the rate of forty-eight a minute. As they passed at such a rate, all the President could do was to gently shake each by the hand as he or she passed, with a polite little bow. In the evening the President was serenaded by a band of 100 musicians, and on the following day proceeded by special train to Bar Harbor, being met *en route* by a delegation of Maine State officials, and saluted by crowds of admirers at all the towns on the route. At Portland, Augusta, and Bangor the demonstrations were especially hearty, and at Bar Harbor, where the President was the guest of Secretary Blaine, he was welcomed with great enthusiasm.

WHAT WOULD HELP THE STOCK MARKET.

TWO things would help the stock market and advance prices materially. One, the rigid enforcement of the Interstate Commerce Act, if the Government has the power to enforce its own laws; and the other, prompt action by Secretary Windom in pursuing a course calculated to relieve the situation.

The Interstate Commerce Law ought never to have been passed. The anti-pooling, and the long and short haul clauses have been simply destructive in their operation, but the law stands on the statute-books, and the railroads are obliged to obey it—or to pretend that they obey it. It is a notorious fact, however—and every member of the board of railway commissioners realizes it—that not a single railroad of prominence is obeying the law to-day. Rates are cut by subordinates, special favors are granted, and freight agents show discrimination on all sides, and yet the commissioners fail to punish a single guilty party. Why? Simply because the railway commissioners cannot go scouring through the land like so many detectives, but must depend upon the railroads to inform upon each other, and, as every railroad is guilty—perhaps not to an equal extent—no road has cared to bear testimony against the other. The most significant action of the Interstate Commerce Railway Association, which is presided over by a former member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, Mr. Walker, is the complaint against the Alton Railway, reciting that the latter has violated the Interstate Commerce Law. If the Interstate Commerce Railway Association will follow this matter up, and will vigorously pursue every railroad which tolerates violations of the law, the effect upon the situation will be most healthful and encouraging.

If the Interstate Commerce Law must remain upon the statute-books, let it be enforced. Its rigid enforcement would bring into line roads like the Alton, for instance, that will not submit to the entirely proper demand of the other railways. If the law were enforced it would put an end to the intrigues of subordinates as well as of railroad presidents, and absolutely compel, on a penalty of fine and imprisonment, a sort of combination that would benefit the railroads and every stock and bond holder in them.

Secretary Windom fails to indicate to the people what policy he will pursue in reference to the purchase of bonds. He has plenty of money available, but will not pay the price demanded. This is wrong. Nor can it be overlooked that he has permitted \$50,000,000 of gold in bars to be exported in the past few months to France when, by simply lifting his pen, he could in a large measure have stopped the shipments. It has been pointed out to him, and he has made no explanation in the matter, that the shipments thus far made have been in gold bars obtained at the Sub-treasury. The law does not compel the Government to exchange gold bars for currency; it simply provides for the exchange of coin. France desires the gold in bars because they are all ready for the mint, while gold coin must first go into the melting-pot before it is turned into ingots, involving considerable expense. Secretary Windom's attention was called to the matter, but he failed to pay the slightest attention to it. Wall Street and business generally has suffered from the exports of gold. Business interests are threatened, and, in a small measure, the Government credit itself is involved. We trust that a new light will dawn on the mind of the gentleman who occupies the office

at the head of the Treasury Department, and that he will see to it promptly that steps are taken hereafter to restrict the exportation of gold bars, and that he will confine the exportation of gold to coin itself, in accordance with the letter of the law.

No agreement between railway presidents will hold. No interstate association, no combination, no traffic agreement, will hold unless a penalty sufficiently large to be a serious matter is involved and imposed upon every member who violates his obligation. Some man, not a board of several men, but one individual, must be given arbitrary and even despotic powers in reference to the affairs of any traffic combination. If such an organization be had, and a man of independence, courage, and capacity be selected to fill the place of dictator, we shall have peace among the railroads, permanence of rates, a lessening of expenses, increased incomes, and higher dividends.

The difficulty is that there is no such agreement as to bind, and while we have from 1876 to 1888 added two hundred per cent. to the mileage of our railroads, we have shown an increase of only eighty per cent. in the net earnings, and a decrease of thirty per cent. in the average freight per ton per mile! These figures tell the whole story. The remarkable decrease in the percentage of earnings is due to two reasons: First, the competition between the railroads themselves, by extensions and the building of parallel lines, and to a ruinous, cut-throat policy on the part of speculators on Wall Street. Second, it has been due to the arbitrary, aggressive, and unjust action of the railroad commissioners of several States. As a result of these things, we find stagnation in Wall Street at a time when we should have a live, active, and advancing market. With our exports increasing, with magnificent crops already partly harvested, the rate for money low, business generally fairly good, and looking a little better, stocks are made a football on Wall Street, investors are driven out, and speculators are in despair. How long will this sort of thing go on? The end must come. Perhaps I have pointed out some influences that will hasten the crisis.

JASPER.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

A REFLECTION OF EARLY AUTUMN FABRICS AND CYCLING COSTUMES.

It is really quite as essential for one to know what should be avoided among the whims of fashion as just what to imitate, and a chapter on "don'ts" would not come amiss to the many misguided of the good dame's votaries who entertain the wild



EMPIRE BODICE.

idea that they can wear becomingly whatever the latest novelty may be. They cast aside all thought of proportion, and utterly ignore the fitness of things; as, for instance, we frequently see a square, high-shouldered woman wearing sleeves to her gown with the fullest of puffs at the top, thereby making her shoulders broader than her hips. Again we will come upon a matron far beyond the rubicon of youth, wearing a girlish sailor-hat, more than likely of white straw and trimmings, while a few steps farther on we meet the stout woman exhibiting the eccentricities of a checkered career in a six-by-eight plaid gingham; or the tall, spare woman arrayed in glaring stripes which make her look like a mullein-stalk, until our very teeth are set upon edge by the grating of their bad taste against our sensitive optic nerve. A full purse does not always bear with it good judgment or fine taste, and very frequently the woman of moderate income will carry the palm for always making a good showing in matters of dress far ahead of her neighbor in Paris gowns. To be sure, nature's gifts weigh heavily in the balance, and now and then a woman will appear more queenly in a cotton gown than a sister in velvet and sable. For that reason each one of the fair sex should adopt the terse motto, "know thyself," study her individuality, and never crowd on frills and furbelows because they are "the latest fashion."

If the manufacturers and importers continue trying to outstrip each other in producing the coming season's novelties, we shall have to prepare our winter's outfit by the Fourth of July. Here

we are hardly passed the meridian of summer, and many of us still busy with diaphanous habiliments, and the merchants have already laid in their preliminary stock of autumn fabrics. There are soft woollens, camel's-hairs, and chuddabs, the ever satisfactory and lustrous mohairs, fine, faced cloths and chevots, in colors familiar, added to which are a few conglomerate tints and hybrid shades which establish their claims to novelty. These materials bear their garniture with them in the way of borderings, which vary in width and design, and combine several grades of color and tone. These borderings will serve as horizontal bands, side panels, or front breadths, and besides there will be found narrower bands for bodice and vest trimmings. There is also a revival of what a decade ago were called "handkerchief plaids." These are manufactured in large squares, bordered all the way around with broken stripes forming plaided corners, which are effective in the draperies. From six to eight squares are sufficient for a costume. Again, double-width woollens are bordered on one side to the depth of eighteen inches with Scotch plaids in gay or sombre tints, and these will contribute charming traveling costumes, or bride's "going away" gowns. A pretty way to make up is in a full, pleated, slightly-draped skirt, with the plaid bordering at the foot; a pointed jacket of the plain fabric, with open Directoire fronts, lined with the plaid and disclosing a vest also of plaid; leg-o'-mutton sleeves, buttoned up at the outside of the wrists with plaid-covered buttons.

Theatre bodices this fall promise to be of unrivaled beauty, and if a young lady is the possessor of a half-worn black lace or surah skirt, and a stylish toque or two, she can, with a variety of bodices, appear variously and attractively garbed. The "Grenada" bodice is perhaps as charming as any, and has a full, overhanging vest of some soft textile, which may be gold-embroidered, or wrought in dull Madras tints. Over this is worn a rounding Spanish jacket of velvet, Sicilienne, Armure, or brocade, with sleeves rather short, from beneath which fall full undersleeves of the soft fabric, which are gathered in at the wrists. Then there are the "Bulgarian," "Algerian," and "Tunisian" bodices, with elements of each nationality suggested in the design, not forgetting the Empire style, a pretty example of which is pictured in the accompanying illustration. The bodice is made of white silk mull, in crossed-over folds, which are held in place by bands of chain braid galoon in soft pompadour tints. The jacket, with open fronts and Directoire revers, is made of faille with moiré stripes. The large leghorn hat is finished with three rows of silk-covered wire on the under brim, and the crown is concealed by rich ostrich plumes. Nestling in the folds of the bodice on the left breast is a jeweled beetle of natural size, of the variety known to science as the *Lucanus Dama*.

Now that bicycles are being so extensively manufactured for ladies' use, special designs for cycling costumes are in demand. Two varieties are popular, one with the bifurcated skirt, and the other which is made with Turkish trousers and a kilted skirt to the ankle. Norfolk blouses with belts, and little "fore-and-aft" caps of the material are favored by many, but certainly the most "fetching" style is the open jacket and a "Henley" shirt.

ELLA STARR.

PARAGRAPHS FOR EPICURES.

COMPILED BY C. H. SHELLEY.

GARRICK said, "The devil sends cooks."

ARISTOLOGY was defined by the late Mortimer Collins to be "the science which prepares for man his best meal in the best way."

"DO YOU think God made good things only for fools?" said Descartes to a marquis who twitted him for his fondness for tid-bits.

THE science of cookery may be traced through the works of Athenaus, Diogenes, Laertius, Seneca, Pliny, Plutarch Apicius, and Petronius Arbiter.

TACITUS informs us that the ancient Germans never undertook anything without a feast, and that those who gave the best dinners were the most popular.

BYRON sang:

Along thy sprucest book-shelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine—
The "Art of Cookery" and mine,
My Murray!

DR. SAM. JOHNSON expressed great contempt for folks who professed indifference as to what they ate. "Sir," said he, "I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else."

BOSWELL'S question to Burke as to his opinion of the definition of man as "a cooking animal," elicited the reply: "Your definition is a good one, and I now see the force of the old proverb, 'There is reason in the roasting of eggs.'"

DUGALD STEWART, in his philosophical essays, when discussing sweets and bitters, said both are equally essential to those effects which, in the art of cookery, correspond to that composite beauty which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create.

THE Chevalier Gaudet, who, driven penniless from France at the time of the outbreak of the first Revolution, made a fortune in London by preparing salads at ten guineas apiece, always approached the sacred bowl in full-dress costume, with his sword by his side.

LOATHSOME memories of Vitellius bring up such questionable luxuries as puppies (a dainty in old Rome as in China now), asses' colts (which Pliny tells us were in high favor with Mæcenæus), sows' udders, camels' heels, dormice fattened on acorns and walnuts, assafetida salad, and a porphyrio which had committed suicide by hanging.

TOM MOORE dispatched the foreign secretary and a fine turtle together on a sea voyage in order

To soften the heart of a diplomat,
Who is known to dote on verdant fat,
And to let admiring Europe see
That "Calpash" and "Calpee"
Are the English to forms of diplomacy.

This is in his "Dream of Turtle by Sir William Curtis."—Moore's poems.

PERSONAL.

THE Czar of Russia is about to visit Berlin, accompanied by the Czarevitch.

MR. PARNELL'S health is said to be broken, and he has been advised to go to the south of France and remain there until next summer.

THE attempt to raise funds for a monument to John Bright does not prosper. Only \$40,000 was wanted, but only \$15,000 has been secured.

GRAND MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLY has fully recovered his health, and is said to be hopeful of the future of the order of which he is the head.

WILKIE COLLINS, the novelist, is still in a very feeble condition and the doctors give no hope of his getting better. He is able to sit up in bed, however, a little each day.

LUTHER B. MARSH, the New York lawyer who was swindled by Mme. Diss Debar, the "spook priestess," is writing a book on spiritualism, in which he declares that Diss Debar is a wonderfully gifted medium.

THE race for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in Virginia is apparently a close one. The three leading candidates, Bierne, McKinney, and O'Ferrall, are reported to have 395, 394, and 362 delegates respectively.

FRED. DOUGLASS, Minister to Hayti, is in no hurry to make his residence at Port au Prince. Yellow fever is painfully prevalent there just now; besides, it is deemed wise to wait until either Hippolyte or Légitime is successful.

CHIEF JOHN GRASS, of the Sioux, who, with Gall, has just signed away 11,000,000 acres, says the ambition of his people is to become civilized and live like the whites; but to do this, he declares, Sitting Bull should be compelled to leave the reservation.

THE First Presbyterian Church of Erie, Pa., which recently called for its pastor the Rev. H. C. Ross, of Ingersoll, Canada, will have to fill its pulpit from some other quarter, it having been decided that Mr. Ross's acceptance would be a violation of the contract labor laws.

LORD TENNYSON'S eightieth birthday has been celebrated by the English press with a characteristic grumble because the poet still draws his pension of a thousand dollars which was awarded to him forty years ago. His books sell by hundreds of thousands, and he is a rich man.

MR. HENRY K. BOYER, who has been nominated as the Republican candidate for Treasurer of Pennsylvania, is one of the most vigorous of the younger party leaders. He studied law under the late Attorney-general, Benjamin Harris Brewster. He has been twice Speaker of the Pennsylvania House.

BARON DE PARDONNET, who claims to have been cheated out of \$3,200 in a recent game of baccarat at the Pennsylvania Club House at Long Branch, has brought suit against the proprietors of this gambling concern. This is well, but why don't the New Jersey authorities suppress the whole gambling abuse?

THERE will be only one colored man in the next Congress. The single negro Representative is Henry P. Cheatham, of North Carolina. Cheatham was born a slave on the plantation of Isham Cheatham, near Henderson, N. C. His record is clean and honorable throughout. His portrait appears on page 48.

MRS. MARY E. FLACK, wife of Sheriff Flack of New York, who claims that a decree of divorce was obtained by the latter by means of fraud, has reopened the case in court. The matter has created a good deal of excitement among the political friends of the accused official, and he has felt compelled to resign his place as Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society.

THE Boston Transcript suggests that "People who think it is a slur on President Harrison to speak of him as the grandson of his grandfather forget that it is pointless, unless it be an offense to be a successful general and subsequently President of the United States. As the great-grandson of his great-grandfather President Harrison inherits the responsibility of his ancestor's action in signing the Declaration of Independence."

AMONG recent arrivals in San Francisco from Japan was Kentaro Kaneko who, accompanied by four other young men, is on a tour of the United States, England, France, Germany, and Austria, to study the legislative systems of those countries with a view to the establishment of a parliament in Japan, of which Mr. Kaneko is to be made chief secretary. Mr. Kaneko is not a stranger in this country, having received his education here, graduating with high honors from Harvard.

WRITING of the author of "Robert Elsmere," a correspondent of the New York Tribune says: "In private conversation Mrs. Ward can be either gay and humorous—and richly so—or impressive and refreshing. Her power of conversation extends over many topics. She has essentially an aesthetic rather than a philosophic or scientific mode of looking at everything, and, I fancy, would be liable to apply standards of taste where more syllogistic logicians would insist upon colder methods of investigation. Mrs. Ward is pungent, brilliant, and witty."

ONE of the brightest books of the season is "To-night at Eight; Comedies and Comediettas," by Miss Fannie Aymar Mathews, a favorite contributor to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. As the title suggests, the volume is a collection of some of Miss Mathews's best magazine and newspaper productions, and it is sufficient to say of it that there isn't a dull page in it. During the summer Miss Mathews has given, at Deerfield and elsewhere, evenings of dramatic readings, made up of selections from her book, which, very naturally, had an added charm when rendered by the author.

IN a speech at a complimentary banquet given him by the Prince of Wales, during his visit to England, the German Emperor spoke in high praise of the British fleet, which, he said, was the finest in the world. Germany, he said, had an army equal to her wants, and if England had a fleet equal to her wants, Europe would regard them as the most important factors in the preservation of peace. He added that he would always make it his duty to maintain the traditions of good-fellowship existing between England and Germany, and he was confident they would long continue to exist.

The excitement in Canada over the seizure of the *Black Diamond* shows little sign of abatement. As yet there are no indications that any serious trouble will come of it, or that the relations between this country and Great Britain will be at all disturbed.

THE LIFE-SAVER.

COMPARATIVELY few drowning accidents have this year been reported from our sea-side resorts; but they are still more frequent than they should be, in view of the precautions adopted to prevent them. At all our bathing resorts there are now organized corps of life-savers who, lying at anchor just outside the exterior safety-lines, overlook the bathers, and come quickly to the rescue of any who get beyond their depth. There are also, at some places, shore patrols—experienced and courageous surfmen who “have an eye” to the security, especially, of women and children. Not a few acts of heroism have been performed by these men at Coney Island, Long Branch, and elsewhere, in the rescue of endangered bathers, and they deserve, as a class, much higher recognition than they usually receive. Our double-page illustration depicts vividly a rescue-scene at Coney Island, in which one of these life-savers conspicuously figured on a recent occasion.

THE MELON SEASON.

THE melon season is just now at its height, and an immense business is done on some of the North River wharves, where the vessels unload their cargoes, and the cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad, transported on floats, add their contributions to the marketable supply. Our illustration shows a scene at a pier in the centre of the melon district, where the dealers gather in force every day and make their purchases. At times this particular pier is wholly given up to watermelons, tens of thousands of which are heaped “Ossa upon Pelion,” the great mounds, however, melting away rapidly when the day's sales once begin. Next to a watermelon-field, with the freedom thereof, commend us to such a scene as the artist has here depicted.

SENDING A TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCH.

TO watch the progress of a telegraph-dispatch in New York City, after it leaves the sender, through its various phases of mechanical manipulation, is exceedingly interesting, as the operation brings into play almost all modern mechanics. First we will say it is shot in a pneumatic tube from Twenty-third Street to the main office—three miles in six minutes. Here it is taken out of its leather box, vised and secured in a pair of small nippers traveling on a tight wire. The operator pulls a handle of the miniature catapult, and the telegram is sent whizzing over the heads of the operators to the proper circuit table, where the operator perforates a thin strip of paper with small holes that correspond to dots and dashes. From the Wheatstone perforator



NEW YORK.—REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.
PHOTO BY STERRY.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 38.]

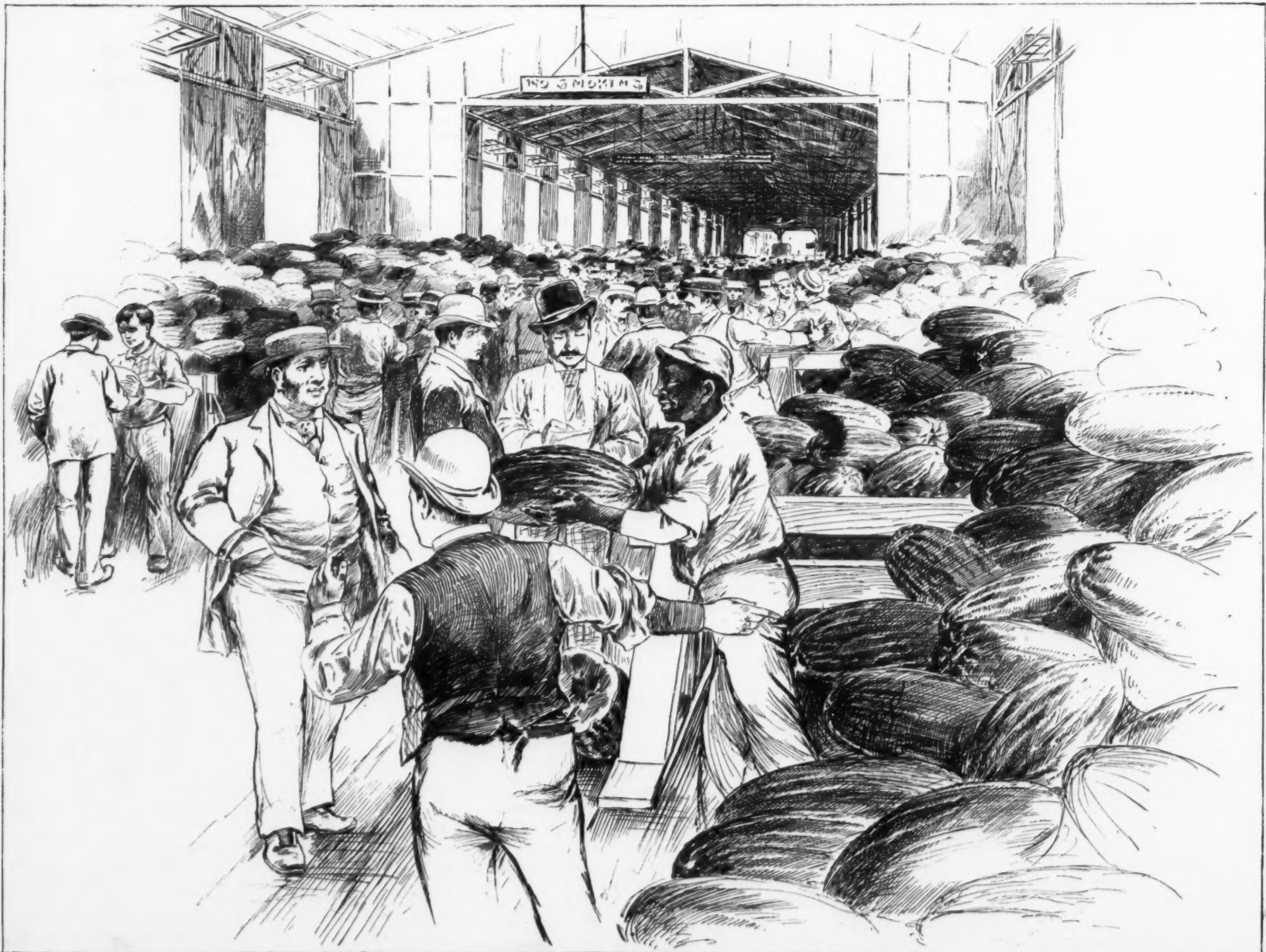
HON. H. P. CHEATHAM, THE ONLY COLORED REPRESENTATIVE ELECTED TO THE 51ST CONGRESS.
PHOTO BY BELL.—[SEE PERSONAL COLUMN, PAGE 47.]

THE UNITED STATES REVENUE-CUTTER “RICHARD RUSH.”

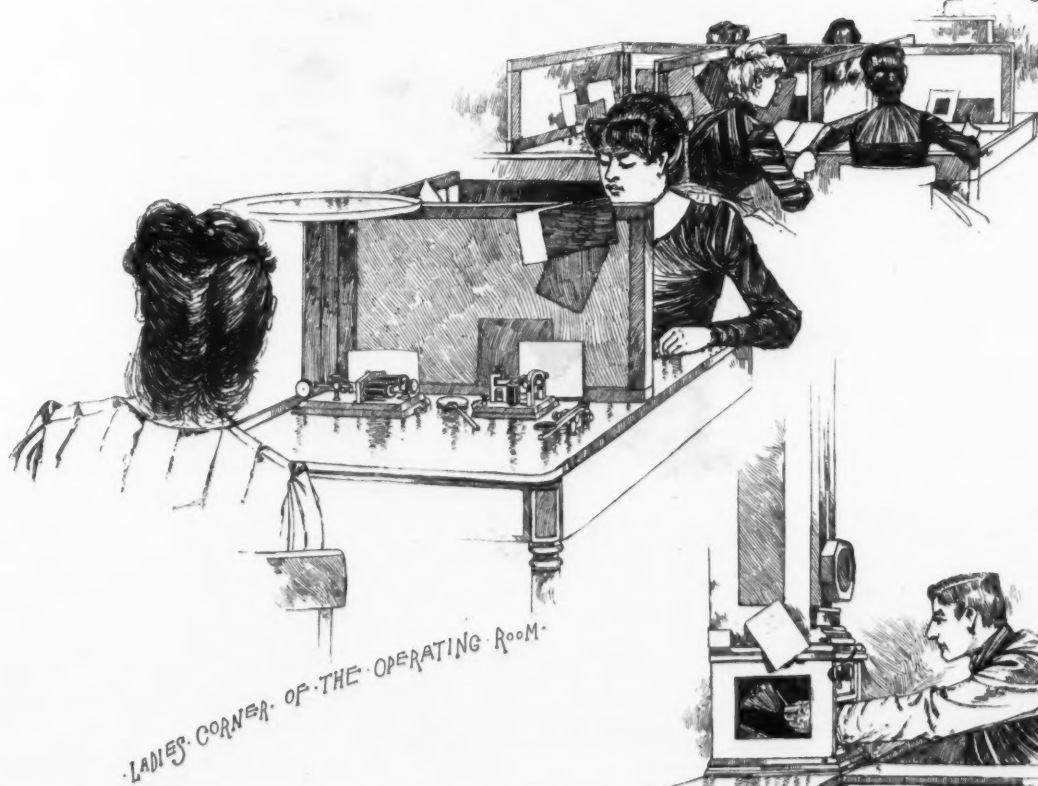
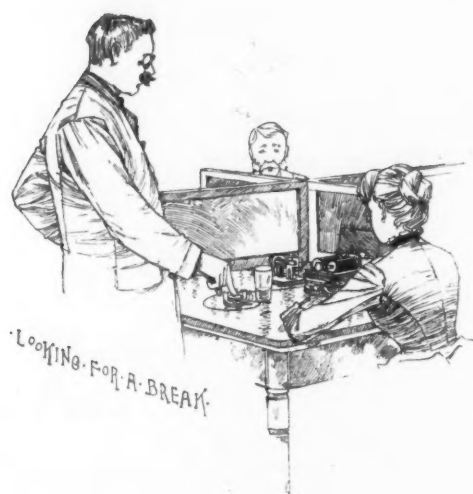
THE trim little steam-propeller *Richard Rush*, of the Revenue Marine Service, and more familiarly known to the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic within the past fortnight as the “*Rush*,” on account of her arrest of the thieving sealer *Black Diamond* in Alaskan waters, looks at first glance as if she was constructed to catch any piratical sealers afloat. She is rated as “second class,” 161 feet in length, 26 feet breadth, 14½ in depth, and of 305 tonnage, carrying 4 guns, and built at Boston, Mass., in 1874. The *Rush* is a companion of the steam-propeller *Bear*, and one of the four revenue-cutters carrying four guns, the highest in the United States customs service. The *Rush* is commanded by Captain Leonard G. Shepard, but in the capturing exploit Lieutenant Tuttle performed the service of boarding and searching for papers, and did it, too, in a very resolute sort of way.

this narrow strip of paper is carried to a little machine, into which it is fed as rapidly as it will go. In this process the machine translates this narrow strip of perforations into dots and dashes, which it so prints on the other end of the line. Then the strip of paper, with its printed dots and dashes, is given directly to a telegraphic type-writer, who renders it in cold type, after which it is thrown into a gravity tube, and goes sailing down to the basement directing-table, where it makes one more mechanical trip on an endless belt to the end of the desk for delivery after its direction.

The stock-indicator, also operated from this room, resembles a small piano, and is the invention of Edison. We also show the ladies' corner of the great operating-room, where there is but one requirement—“to keep their tables clean”; otherwise they are allowed to read or sew or do fancy work, as may suit their taste. Amid all this noise and bustle there is no confusion, and an enormous amount of business is done with scarcely an error.



THE WATERMELON SEASON IN NEW YORK CITY.—DEALERS AND SPECULATORS PURCHASING THEIR SUPPLIES ON A NORTH-RIVER PIER.
DRAWN BY H. P. SHARE.



WHISPERS FROM FASHIONABLE RESORTS.

At last Saratoga hotels are satisfied. August finds them crowded as usual, but the racing association and the club-house make the greatest profit.

It is said that the Hollywood, at Long Branch, claims to have the best cooks in the United States, an assertion that is denied on all sides; but no one will deny that they are first-class.

The President's visit to Bar Harbor brought a crowd of new faces to that old-fashioned and well-conducted resort. If it were not for the coolness of the waters, which makes bathing a hardship, Bar Harbor would be the great summer resort of the country.

The brightest spot in Saratoga, and the most fashionable resort for the masses, seems to be Congress Spring Park. Superintendent Hiram W. Hays maintains it in all its richest verdure and blooming glory, and the old Congress Spring is as great a favorite as ever.

The stirring-up that FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY gave to the gamblers at Long Branch has been followed by some developments that have opened the eyes of the community and frightened the gamblers into quiet; but as they dominate local politics, no reform can be immediately expected.

FISHERMEN are drifting more and more to the Fort Griswold Hotel on the Sound, opposite New London. They always find fishing either outside, in the choppy waters of the Sound, or inside, in the deep waters of the Thames. One of the nicest trips nowadays is to start in from New York for New London, go over to Fort Griswold, then take the little steamer to Watch Hill, then to Newport, and after that to Block Island. In this little circle one finds fashion, frivolity, and fish in plenty.

GOURMETS concede that the best dinner-table spread at any seaside resort is that at the Oriental Hotel, and the breakfast-table is not far off. The manager of the Oriental, Mr. C. H. Shelley, is the worthy son of a father who was one of the epicures of the old Bohemian days of New York life, and the bills-of-fare at the Oriental reflect the taste of a man who not only loves good cooking, but who understands the philosophy of life, and the close connection between a man's dinner and his health and happiness.

The most unique bills-of-fare designed at any watering-place this season have been those at the famous Hotel Balmoral at Mount McGregor, ten miles from Saratoga, by Proprietor George G. Day. The breakfast-bill is printed on a thin sheet of laurel wood, looking for all the world like a card made of tinted celluloid. The dinner bill-of-fare on a recent Sunday was bound in chamois, and beautifully hand-painted. The Hotel Balmoral, by-the-way, is said to furnish as good a dinner as the largest hotels in Saratoga.

MOUNTAINS OF PURE SALT.

ONE of the oldest settlers of Fort Yuma, Ariz., Captain J. A. Mellon, said in a recent interview with the San Francisco *Examiner*: "There are stretches of hundreds of miles on the Colorado River that are less known than the heart of Central Africa. We go up there to get salt. There are great mountains of salt up on the Virgin, which is a tributary of the Colorado, each of which is larger and higher than Goat Island. The salt is pure and white; it is clearer than glass. You may take a piece of it seven or eight inches thick and read a common newspaper through it."

"The salt mountains cover a stretch of about twenty-five miles on both sides of the Virgin, seven miles up from the Colorado. A single blast of giant powder will blow out tons upon tons of it. This salt does not dazzle your eyes, as you might expect, while riding along on the river steamer or clambering over it. It has a layer of sandstone from two to eight feet thick over it. When this is torn away the salt lies in full sight, like a great snowdrift. How deep it is nobody knows. This salt is destined to be the source of great wealth. Hamilton Disston, the big saw manufacturer, and Baldwin, of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, are the only men who have secured any of these salt-mountains. When the Utah Southern Railroad is pushed on from Frisco, Utah, it will tap the gigantic salt-mountains, and then an enormous revenue will be realized from them."

Captain Mellon brought down from the mines, for the Academy of Sciences, San Francisco, some queer things. Under the cap-rock was found charred wood and charcoal, besides some matting made of cedar-bark. The salt had preserved it. It might have lain there thousands of years. Evidently there had been a slide that covered up the camp equipage of some prehistoric men. Strange to say, a similar discovery has been made in the salt-mines of Louisiana. The rocks up toward the salt-mountains are painted and cut into hieroglyphics which none of the Mojave, Yuma, Piute, or other Indians know the meaning of.

In the same interview Captain Mellon said: "There are valleys along the great, but as yet unknown, Colorado, singly as much as 120 miles long and twenty wide. That will be the real orange country of the globe. They are as rich as the valley of the Nile. Irrigation will redeem them. Water will be brought on them as sure as destiny."

"El Dorado Cañon is grander than the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. The tops of the windows in the steamer *Gila* do not project out more than six inches, yet I may put my head out and look as high as I can, and I can't see half-way up the mighty walls of the cañon. The river is 350 feet wide there, too. The only way you can see to the top is to get right out on deck and look straight up. The walls are so high that there is perpetual shade there. Neither the sun nor the moon can shine in. It takes ten hours going up to go through the cañon, and two hours coming down."

"By the Colorado River and the Virgin you

can run clear up into Nevada and Utah. Many people have laughed at me for saying I was going up into mountainous Nevada by boat, but that's just what I have been doing right along. Strange as it may seem, and little known as it is, the Colorado has more navigable water without portage than any other river on the Pacific coast. It has 700 miles, while the Columbia has but 350. The Colorado is the only real field for explorers on the North American Continent outside of the frigid North. The wonders that could be unearthed there will yet attract the attention of the greatest scientists of the world."

A LAMP SLOT.

AN ingenious application of the "nickel-in-the-slot" mechanism is being made in England for the supply of electric light in the shape of reading-lamps for railway-carriages, omnibuses, trams, etc. The lamp in question has been patented by a Leeds firm. It consists of a clock-work apparatus contained in a box 5x5x3 inches, and by introducing a penny into the top of the machine, and subsequently pressing a knob, the mechanism is set in motion and an electric light obtained, which, after burning for half an hour, is automatically extinguished. The lamp can, moreover, be extinguished at will by pressing a second knob. The lamp is now in use on the Great Western Railway. The source of power generating the light is an accumulator, which, placed in any of the compartments of a carriage, will supply with electricity the whole of the lamps in the carriage. The accumulators will be charged with a forty-hours' supply.

NEW DECORATIVE EFFECTS IN WOOD.

A NEW process of art decoration in wood, which is said to produce very beautiful effects, is described in the London *Times*. It is a German invention, and is known as the Dalura process. It consists in impressing upon wood any kind of art designs, which stand out in relief. The impression is produced by a small machine having two horizontal steel rollers which are heated internally. The pattern is formed around the top roller, and can be changed for a different design whenever desired; the bottom roller is quite plain. In operation the rollers are slowly revolved, and the wood to be ornamented is passed between them under pressure. The surface of the wood is compressed, and the design transferred to it in various degrees of relief, according to the requirements of the case. By regulating the heat and speed of working a rich brown tint of any shade can be imparted to the wood as a background, the design standing out in the natural color of the wood, but slightly toned here and there. The natural grain of the wood is also brought out, and any kind of wood can be used. It is claimed for the decorated wood that it is waterproof, and that the pattern is not distorted nor its sharpness destroyed by moisture. This was shown by some samples of wood treated by the process, which, it is stated, had been in water for some days.

OUR PATIENTS SPEAK.

"McCONNELSVILLE, O., September 14, 1886.
"With the largest gratitude I remain truly yours,
"MRS. F. A. DAVIS."
"CHICAGO, ILL., May 20, 1887.
"I am talking Compound Oxygen to everybody."
"M. G. KIMMEL."
"NEW CASTLE, MD., July 3, 1888.
"Compound Oxygen certainly was the means of giving me a new start to life and health."
"MRS. J. A. HEICHERT."
"PORTSMOUTH, O., June 8, 1887.
"I hope you feel greatly rejoiced over the grand work of the Compound Oxygen."
"TIMOTHY CALVER."
"ASHLAND, O., May 20, 1887.
"I am still improving in every respect."
"R. L. HALSTEAD."

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent, free of charge, to any one addressing Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; or 130 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FIVE HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

THE Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R., will sell, on Tuesdays, August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th, Harvest Excursion Tickets at Half Rates to points in the Farming Regions of the West, South-west, and North-west. Limit, thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of trains, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your ticket-agent, or address P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

BERTON "SEC" CHAMPAGNE.

One dozen bottles, \$30. Two dozen ½ bottles, \$32.

THE fashionable ladies' corrective tonic is Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned tonic.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



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THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail. CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the PORTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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BRILLIANT, INTENSE, CLEAR, WEIRD, FASCINATING.

"A PHILOSOPHER in Love and in Uniform." This is the latest of the Judge Publishing Company's new novels, and is by the authors of last summer's famous story, "Napoleon Smith." Like the latter, it is brilliant; its interest is intense from cover to cover; its action rapid; its description clear, sharp, and accurate; and its theme and motive— But just here is a difficulty. The theme and motive are not easily classified. At once weird, incongruous, impracticable, and impossible, they are yet fascinating, and hold in their convolutions so many real human longings and experiences that, like Jules Verne's tales, they seem to be wholly natural and logical, if not for the present time, at least within the near future. It is a piece of exceedingly bold romanticism, but exceedingly well executed. One chapter, that describing the treatment of soldiers in camp, and the relations between officers and privates, ought to be published by itself, and broadcasted till the horrible abuses depicted shall be only a black memory in the United States army.—*Elizabeth (N. J.) Journal*.

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By this Legal Document which accompanies the shoes.

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This insures to the wearer of these shoes perfect service of the Gore for ONE AND ONE-HALF YEARS from date letter in Trade Mark. If the Elastic fails within eighteen months, and the shoes by express, at our expense, from any part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, or Sandwich Islds, and we will insert new Gore in finest manner, and return shoes free of expense.
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Albert Herbert
Pres.
Er Page, Treas.

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WHERE Sold? EVERY shoe dealer can sell you shoes containing Insured Hub Gore if you insist. They cost no more. Some dealers will coax you to buy imitations on which they make extra profit. Look out for such "dodgers." Refuse positively any Congress Shoes without the Heart Trade Mark on the elastic.
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OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Save Your Hair

BY a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

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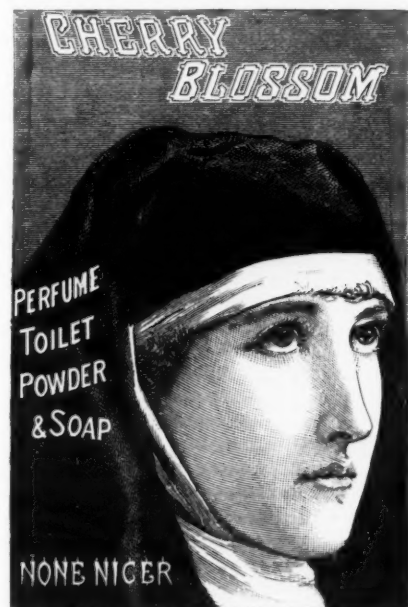
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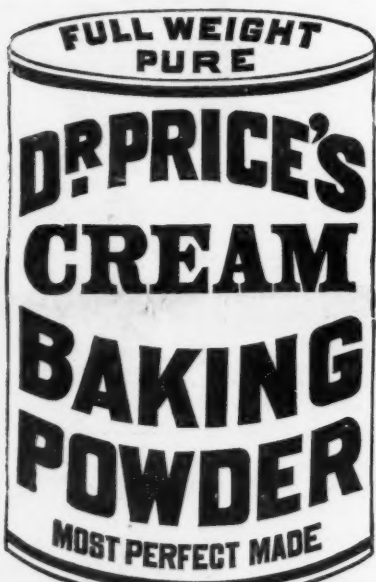
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